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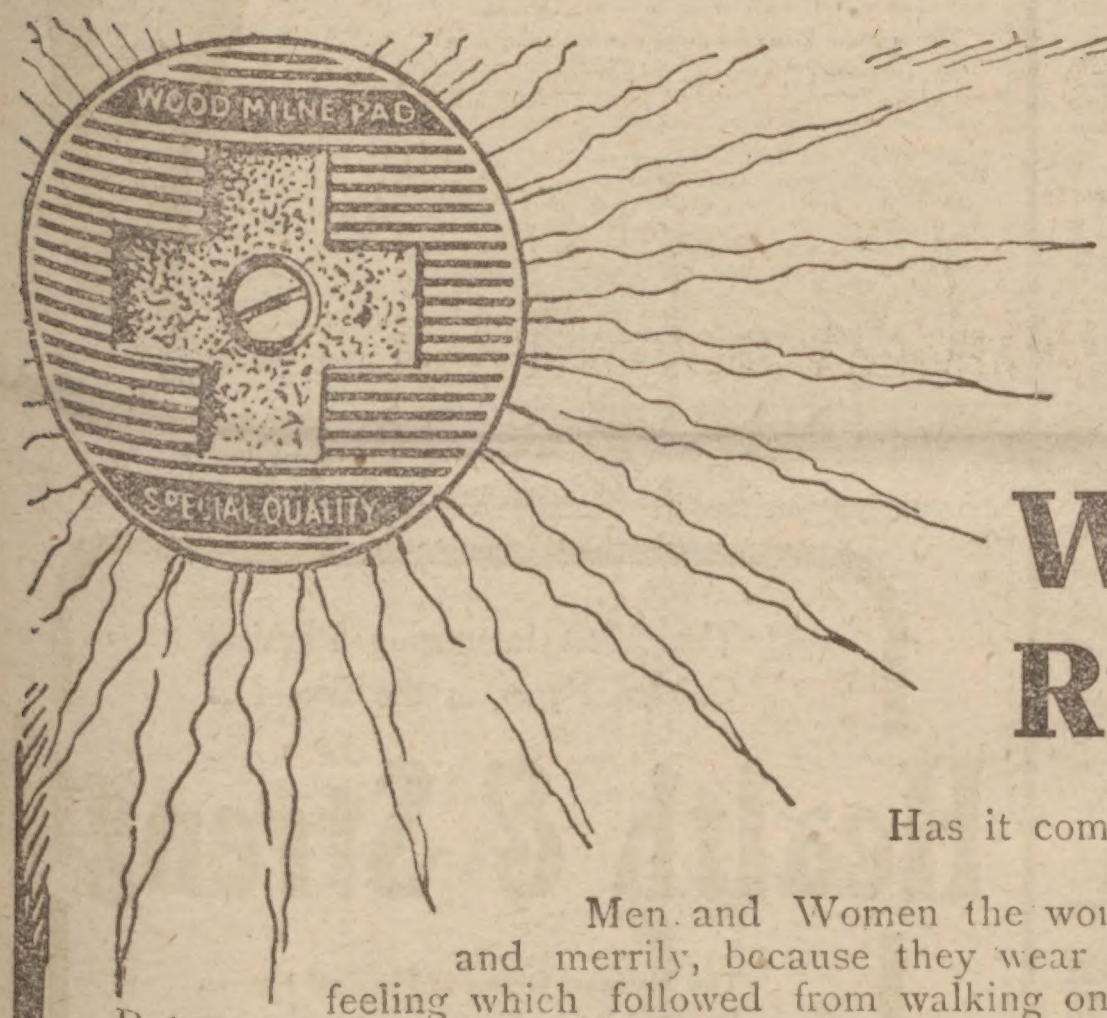
The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 71. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING MARCH 12TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.



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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

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No. 71. WEEK ENDING MARCH 12TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

FORWARD PLAY.

HINTS FOR "SOCCER" PLAYERS.

There are two generally recognised methods of orward play, termed respectively the "short" and long-passing" games. The former method is sually associated with the "inside" game; that the three inside forwards do the bulk of the ork, while the wing men content themselves for he most part with keeping the ball centred.

It is an attractive game, and very pretty move- ients can be effected, but great accuracy in assing is necessary, and a resolute set of efenders will generally hustle the exponents of is style off their game. It is, of course, seen to est advantage on a dry billiard-table ground.

The long-passing game is the only one possible n heavy grounds, and is the one to be recom- ended, on the whole, to the general run of layers. Here the wing men play close to the de lines, and the long swinging passes have the ffect of running the opposing defence off its feet.

But apart from the styles there are certain ecognised rules that always apply.

The centre-forward, as leader of the line, should neavour by judicious feeding to keep both wings orking, though he will often find one wing more uccessful, on the day's play, than the other, and ill naturally give that one more of his attention. e should guard against trying to "walk" the all into the net, but should rather shoot "on ght," if within reasonable range.

The inside-left and inside-right positions are erhaps the hardest positions in the field to realise nd appreciate. These men do the "donkey- ork"; that is, they have to feed the centre and ing forwards. Like the half-backs, they are eldom idle. They must drop back and help the efence when necessary, and must always "take a an"—the opposing insider at the throw-in.

Golden rules for them and other forwards are: Pass the ball ahead so that it may be taken on e run.

Try to make your pass go behind an opponent's ack, not across his front.

Do the unexpected; a pass to the opposite ng, instead of to your own partner, is often rofitable.

When faced by a "one-back" defence, the way be "on-side" is to *keep behind the ball.*

The wing men should be fairly fleet of foot. heir primary duty is to run down the line and nd in a "centre" or "cross." Useful hints to em are:

Don't cut your centres too fine; send across ther low before the pivot is hemmed in.

Try passing the back on the *inside* occasionally.

Practise shots from the touch-line; they are xtremely difficult for goal-keepers to judge.

On the outside men devolve the corner-kicks. hese are most effective when the ball is kicked om the goal-line—the right winger using his left ot, and *vice versa.* A dangerous screw-shot can e obtained in this way.

F. LINES.

CHEEK.

Miss Maud Hildyard has thrown up the part of Claire Forster in "The Woman in the Case" on tour, because the number of cigarettes provided for her use on the stage grew less and less. Not too much, but too little "fag" in Miss Hildyard's case, apparently.

* * *

In his Editorial Chat, the Editor of "Answers" recently included a paragraph "Concerning Fleas." It strikes one as rather a ticklish subject.

* * *

"Young man, married, desires change," runs an advertisement. "This," said dear old Mrs. Footler, "is the most barefaced announcement I've read for a long time!"

* * *

"Chief among the M.P.'s minor worries," says Sir Thomas Henry Gratton Esmonde, "is the applicant for Gallery tickets." Instead of the Gallery, he, no doubt, feels like consigning the applicant to the Pit.

* * *

The name of the lady cast for the part of the Fifth Maid in "Elektra" at Covent Garden is Miss Carrie Tubb. Possibly the Fifth Maid's duties were performed chiefly in the wash-house.

* * *

Says Mr. Gordon Whitehead, in a recent work, "A little bit of inattention soon brings a woman to your feet." It is certainly cheaper than the usual method of loading her with presents.

* * *

A writer on sport says that Oilskin is a really smart four-year-old who will pay to follow. In other words, a good horse to "cover" with on a "rainy day."

* * *

A paragraph in a contemporary deals with "Tips for Travellers." The innovation will probably cause widespread consternation among railway-porters and hotel-servants.

* * *

Mr. Arnold White says that "to be interesting one must be interested." Fleet Street slanderers say that he must have been feeling very bored himself, lately.

* * *

The name of an actor who won a recent big lawsuit is Mr. Shine. Critics are aware of his "brilliance" in the profession, but suggest, perhaps, a *leetle* more "polish" before he is thoroughly worthy of his name.

* * *

Says Dr. F. C. S. Schiller, "Man is not sufficiently master of his own fate." "Yis!" commented P.C. O'Keefe, gazing down ruefully at his regulation footgear. "Thot's thrue!"

* * *

The upshot of lengthy and acrimonious discussion is that the Welsh-McFarland match has been abandoned. As the American had come all the way across the Atlantic for it, his embittered supporters assert, perhaps justly, that McFarland has been "Welsh-ed."

J. S. COX.

A SPORTSMAN'S MORNING.

PREPARING FOR THE MEET.

Ugh! How the air of the bedroom bites at the flesh as the sportsman leaps out, between darkness and daylight, and fights it with vigorous exercise round the bedroom, and mocks at it, faces it, and drives it from him, as he puffs and blows in the icy water. And then the rough towel and its afterglow!

Full daylight has arrived before he can spare a moment from the fight with the temperature to glance out over the fields. His heart leaps with very joy at all he sees, feels, and anticipates.

It is the calm and dun overcast weather that is of all weathers the best for the chase. It is a hunting morning. There is little wind, a peculiar stillness, in fact, hangs over the coverts and the open land.

Hardly a creature is stirring, and yet the sportsman knows that, even as he watches, there is within the wood the fox that will that day lead him after hounds over miles of plough and stubble and fences. He hastens to get down from the icy temperature of his room and the keen chilliness of the passages of the old house.

On the way he turns for a brief moment into the garden. Whew! It is cold indeed. The earth is bound hard and stiff in a black frost. There is no indication of its presence except the shrivelled and iron-bound earth which rings like solid stone.

There is no time to waste, though, and willingly he retreats to the house, hurrying along to the roaring fire whose call he can hear down the corridor, and to the breakfast that has sent out tempting scents to lure him in.

His body begins to tingle with the warmth of the fire as, breakfast over, he moves from the table to the mantelpiece, rubbing his hands at the flames with unconcealed delight. He has almost forgotten the dead cold of the bedroom.

He catches the cheery spirit of the fire and fills the room with merry talk at the thought of the morning he is about to spend. Be the sport good or bad, he will enjoy it all; but to-day, an ideal day for scent, there can be little doubt about the sport.

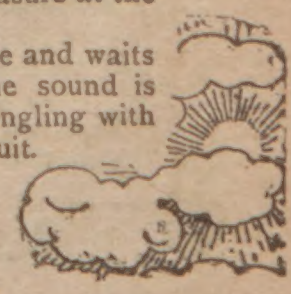
At last the sun breaks through the sky and begins to soften the surface of the earth, rendering "the going" less dangerous and better for the field. Happily the work of only one night's frost has to be undone.

Just as he feels that it is time to mount and ride away, he hears familiar sounds on the gravel in front, and, with a greeting to the mare, he is up and away, leisurely drinking in the wine of the morning air, as he goes easily to the meet at Barrow Copse, just three miles along the lane.

The sun is now well up. From different directions he can see others converging towards the meet, and his heart gives a leap of pleasure at the sight of so many scarlet coats.

With many more he takes his place and waits at covert-side, and soon the welcome sound is heard that tells of sport ahead, and mingling with the field he moves off in the great pursuit.

C. G. BEAUMONT.



PHYSICAL CULTURE AND PERSONALITY

A WELL-KNOWN PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT GIVES SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

A commanding presence, together with a firm determination which is perceptible, is the mark of the man who is able to assume authority. It is natural in man to covet the gift of strength, to kindle admiration, and to be free from such defects as timidity, for these mar not only his bearing, but also his happiness.

Business men are, in too many instances, martyrs to indigestion and nervous troubles, and the secret rests in the fact that they neglect the care of their health altogether.

Such men sit day after day in a stooping position at their desks, they lunch hurriedly and at irregular hours, rush for a train, and occupy much of their spare time in arranging schemes for the business of money-making. The natural consequence of this is that they age quickly, and easily succumb to the defects before mentioned.

The well-built man with the ruddy tinge of health on his cheek, a firm step, and decided manner, wins the respect of his fellows.

It stands to reason that a manly, commanding figure is bound to win its way in the world, and therefore it behoves all who are desirous of keeping free from physical ailments and defects to stop and consider whether they are not running into the too common danger of neglecting exercise, regular hours for diet, sleep, and fresh air.

THE WEAKEST GOES TO THE WALL.

In every walk of life the weak or delicate man has to take a back seat. This may seem hard, and yet to a great extent the remedy lies in the hands of the men themselves. Some men are naturally gifted with a well-built physique, while others have a struggle to keep even in ordinary health.

There is no reason why a man, however small his build, should not endeavour to improve himself to the utmost possible degree. Everyone should view life from the brightest side, and feel that they were not meant simply to drift along, and end their lives as physical wrecks.

It has been well said that there is no investment to equal that of time and money spent in connection with physical culture.

A little time regularly set apart each day for the practice of a few exercises, and attention to a few rules appertaining to health and hygiene, is all that is necessary.

The average man does not desire great strength and unusual muscular development; he is content to feel well and fit for work each day.

A carefully arranged course of exercises brings increased will-power and regular habits, and control of the nervous system.

HOW TO PUT THE NERVES RIGHT.

The finest nerve-tonic in the world is the morning bath, taken cold if possible, or at least tepid, followed by a brisk friction with flesh gloves or rough towel. A few minutes' exercise should then be taken with chest-expander and dumb-bells before an open window.

All indigestible foods should be avoided; tea and coffee should be replaced by a good cocoa. Fruit should be looked upon as a necessity—not a luxury. Meat must only be taken once per diem, and for a meal including meat, choose the time of day when most time can be spent on it.

Hurrying during, before, or after meals is conducive to dyspepsia and indigestion. Drink freely of water, which is better taken between meals. Avoid worry—it kills. Strive after a well-balanced mind, and determination always to view matters from the brightest side.

Cultivate some hobby to occupy the mind during leisure hours, and thus preserve it from unhealthy and morbid thoughts.

Spend as much time as possible in the open air. Participate in some open-air sport or pastime, such as tennis, rowing, golf, cricket, and so on, and at any rate make a strict rule to spend if possible two hours each day in the fresh air in walking exercise.

THE VALUE OF WALKING.

Walking proves of great assistance to the physical culturist, provided that the walk be taken with the object of getting all the benefit possible from it. Walk in an erect position, head and shoulders thrown well back, and stepping in a firm and decided manner. During the walk practise deep-breathing exercises.

Abstain from heavy suppers. A light meal consisting of either cocoa and brown bread and butter, with fruit, or oatmeal and milk, is quite sufficient.

Never exercise immediately before or after a meal; allow at least an hour to elapse between a meal and exercise.

Sleep always with the bedroom window wide open, and endeavour to obtain at least eight or nine hours' sleep each night.

Any employer would view with satisfaction an applicant for a situation who looked strong, who could state that illness was practically unknown to him, and that he was an ardent upholder of all physical culture methods. Such a man would be looked upon as being reliable in his attendance to his work, and further as being able to stand the strain and stress of business without danger of a nervous breakdown.

The fact that you study a physical culture paper is something, and to gain a theoretical knowledge of the rules of health is also something, but a practical knowledge is far, far better, and I therefore strongly urge that without delay you make a start on the lines laid down in this paper.

THOMAS INCH.

THE EXHILARATION OF SOUNDS.

Have you ever been passing within earshot of a great football ground while a big match was in progress and heard the roars of cheering that went up from thousands of throats? You have. Then have you not felt that you wanted to cheer, too? Of course you have! The sounds incidental to a football match always exhilarate the true football enthusiast.

Again, to the keen billiard-player who has not had a game for some time the fascination of the tiny clicks that are heard from the billiard-room are well-nigh irresistible. The clacking sound he hears as the "long rest" is taken down thrills him. And when the cold, impassive voice of the marker calls "Game, gentlemen!" the listener hurries into the billiard-room. He must have a game, too.

The thrill which is imparted to the sportsman at second-hand by the literature of his pet sport is very great, but that of the sounds which greet his ear are even greater.

BOXING MADE SIMPLE.

ELEVENTH LESSON.

In the twenty-first hit, your adversary leads off with his right, and you guard his blow with your left forearm, as described in the case of the twentieth hit; but this time, instead of countering him on the waist, you counter him on the mouth with your right glove.

The thumb is, of course, uppermost, and in actual fighting it would be your back knuckles that would catch him.

XXI.—Countering on the face.

It may seem strange that I give two guards and counters—namely, numbers twenty and twenty-one — which are almost identical except that in the one case you counter on the body and in the other case on the face. You might say that one counter must necessarily be superior to the other, and that therefore there is no need to bother about them both, but in the course of an actual fight circumstances occur where a face hit is more easily got on than a body hit, or *vice versâ*. Some boxers are very clever at guarding their bodies, and when you meet a man of this type it pays you best to counter him on the face, for it is of no use for you to send your glove slogging into an arm that covers his body.

Here, as in so many other points of boxing, you have to use you own discrimination as to which counters you ought to employ, and it is the use of this discrimination that constitutes the chief difference between the great boxer and the average boxer.

Again, let me impress upon you the need to practise these hits so often that they come to you naturally.

In the twenty-second hit your adversary again leads off with his right. In this case you do not attempt to guard it, but simply duck; that is to say, you step forward in such a manner that, instead of hitting your face, his glove simply brushes past your right ear and over your right shoulder; as you step in, deliver a right-hand body blow directly on his belt.

In stepping forward, you must, in order to avoid his glove, step slightly to your own left, but you do not want to step any further in that direction than takes you clear of his glove. Exactly the distance of your side-stepping can only be judged by practice and experience.

XXII.—Ducking when he leads with the right.

I have already said that ducking is an extremely difficult thing for those who have not the natural instinct for it. If you find that you cannot duck easily and rapidly in spite of all your efforts to do so, you had better omit all ducking hits from your programme, for there are other ways of guarding.

At the same time, I must remind you that several of my pupils who at first have seemed unpromising in the matter of ducking have become with practice very efficient in this respect, and I do not advise you to give up the attempt to learn ducking until you are absolutely convinced that you will never succeed in doing it quickly and well.

G. GOWING.

[*Another article of this series will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

A HUMAN EPISODE.

THE CREED OF THE LOST

By R. D. CROMBIE.

The Lamp of our Youth will be utterly out:
But we shall subsist on the smell of it.
And whatever we do, we shall fold our hands,
And suck our gums and think well of it.
Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work,
And that is the perfectest Hell of it.

—KIPLING.

"Can you oblige me with a light, sir?"

The gentleman in the silk hat and frock coat hastening along the dark, all but deserted street, stopped and fumbled in his waistcoat pocket.

The request was civil, and it was one which it is the unwritten law of smokers to grant.

He brought out his gold matchbox and was shaking a few wax vestas into his hand when suddenly the man who had accosted him snatched at his watch and chain, tugged them free, and darted away.

It was all done in a flash, but instinctively the silk-hatted gentleman, failing in his attempt to clutch the thief, went after him.

He had been a sprinter in his day, and, putting on steam, he had a twisting, panting body in his grasp before twenty yards had been covered.

There was a sharp struggle and an abrupt caving-in.

"All right, damn you," muttered the thief sullenly. "There's no necessity to twist my arm off."

The gentleman without loosening his grip, looked up and down the street, seeking someone whom he might send for a constable.

"Here's your watch," continued the other, proffering it with his free hand. "No harm done, so you might as well make no fuss."

The voice had suddenly become wheedling, and the gentleman, his desire for revenge fading with the recovery of his property, hesitated.

"I've never done such a thing before, I swear," went on the man. "I'm a gentleman—or, at least, I have been once, and if you've any feelings you'll know what I must have gone through to come to this."

"You didn't do it quite like an amateur," commented the gentleman.

But, rather convinced by the cultured tone and curious to see whether the man's appearance confirmed it, he drew him along to the yellow light of an adjacent lamp.

"My God!" he said, on looking.

"Henry!"

"Jim!"

The two men stared at each other with silent horror.

"Jim!" said the gentleman, slowly. "My brother Jim!"

"In the flesh," said the other, recovering first. "Rather a strange sort of meeting, I must say."

He gave a cackling laugh.

"You don't seem anxious to inquire after my health," he added, as his brother kept silence. "I needn't after yours, because you look as affluent and well fed as ever. You were always a sleek sort of brute, Henry."

"I'm unspeakably sorry to see you like this," said Henry. "Whatever have you been doing all these years?"

"Not bothering you, anyhow. So you needn't be so tenderly affected."

"You're still bitter against me, I see. I don't know that there's anything I have ever done to make you so."

"There isn't. Only you've got the knack of prosperity, and that doesn't excite me to much anxious concern about you."

"It's you I'm concerned about," corrected Henry, quietly.

"You needn't be."

"But I am. If not for your sake, for the family's. They've never ceased to worry about you and to wonder where you were. Ever since ——." His voice faltered.

"Go on; finish it," urged Jim, with a sneer. "Ever since I got eighteen months for embezzlement."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to remind you of it." Jim tittered.

"Oh lord, Henry, don't be so butter-fingered. I assure you I'm not sensitive to memory. I've beaten that little misdemeanour over and over again."

"You mean—you've been in prison——"

"Half a dozen times," interrupted Jim, cheerfully. "Let me see, how long is it ago? How long since I was under the shadow of the parental wing? Must be getting on ten years. Well, well! I've done a three years' stretch for burglary since then. Not under my own name. No, I had too much regard for *your* reputation for that."

He was elaborately sarcastic.

Henry's eyes were fixed gravely on the face of his brother, taking in the meaning of the watery eyes, the reddened nose, the loose dissolute mouth.

"Is it anything to be proud of?" he asked quietly.

"Is your respectability?" flashed Jim. "We're all as God made us. Or the devil. And whichever it is, he hasn't much cause for self-congratulation."

"There are some," replied his brother patiently, "who hold that a man is what he makes himself."

"Pooh! and if he is? Am I to understand that your essay in self-education has produced a better result than mine?"

"It is scarcely a question of our merits in the eyes of each other," retorted Henry defensively. "It is more a question of what use we are to the people belonging to us or who share our name."

"Well, I've neither name nor encumbrances," was the reply from Jim, who appeared to be enjoying the discussion hugely. Perhaps it was that the other's manifest unhappiness contributed to his pleasure.

"They're still yours if you care to take them up," said Henry, whose control of temper was admirable.

"What? Come home?"

"That is what I meant."

"Heaven preserve us, no thanks!"

"I didn't make the suggestion in a spirit of levity. The opportunity is still yours, the same as it always has been."

"That's a lie!" retorted Jim. "It has never been mine since that time which you and everybody else was pleased to designate as my disgrace."

"I advertised for you afterwards till I was tired," said his brother quietly.

"At whose desire?"

"Mother's—and Nell—and Edith. Yes, and at my own."

"Are they still alive and well?" inquired Jim with a swift change of mood.

"Yes; in the same old place.

"The girls married?"

"No. Edith's engaged." This hint of softening encouraged him to plead to his brother's better nature. "Now, Jim," he said, "can't you forget it all? Can't you shake off the past and go back to them and make a fresh start? They would welcome you and help you, and nothing would ever be said about ——"

His brother's grating laugh broke in.

"Nothing be said! You hopeless fool, can't you see it is *I* who must forgive, not they. *I* who have suffered, I who have played and paid, paid to the last pound of flesh. You, with your charitable toleration! It's easy to be sanctimonious with a full purse and a fat stomach!"

He set his cap at an angle, thrust his hands deep in his trousers pockets, expectorated and cursed.

Henry had stiffened at the gibes, and his lips compressed.

"I was going to suggest," he said, "that I should give you a start in some small business where you might make headway and take your place in Society without obligation to anybody."

"But I don't want to," persisted Jim. "I'm not going to thank you for the offer because I know it's only made from a sense of duty. But if wealth showered on me from the skies, that is the very last thing I should do. Take my place in Society, forsooth! Society made an outcast of me, and that was the end of me as a law-respecting citizen."

"You're unrepentant," said his brother, sternly, "and you glory in it."

"Of course I do. Henry, you're a good fellow at heart, but you're incurably suburban in outlook. If my instincts are criminal, why should I go about in mental sackcloth and ashes the whole of my life? If there were no characters like mine, the world, that smug world of humbug to which you belong, would be painfully lacking in immoral examples. Then where would virtue be? Virtue, my dear Henry, exists only by contrast with vice."

"You're quite satisfied, then?" asked his brother.

"Perfectly, thank you," replied Jim with sarcastic courtesy.

"I think," said Henry, "that after all we have something to be grateful for that you have left us."

Jim took the observation up quickly.

"Ripping!" said he. "The first intelligent observation you've made! There's the whole thing in a nutshell. You be content, and let me be content, and there will be no animosity either side."

"But you can't be altogether bad," persisted Henry, who felt rather out of his depth. "The very fact that you chose to save the feelings of the people at home by staying away proves that."

"Of course I'm not," agreed his brother, giving him a friendly clap on the shoulder. "We're all made up of the same ingredients—part good, part bad, and a great part that it baffles human intelligence to decide whether it's good or bad."

"Then there's nothing more to be said," added his brother, after a pause. "I suppose if I asked you to dinner you would only laugh at me."

"Like this?" Jim smiled cynically down at his clothes. "No, thanks."

"Is there nothing at all I can do for you?"

For all his brother's clever argument Henry felt that it was nothing but a mocking disguise.

"No, nothing. Wait!"

Jim paused; and when he proceeded it was in a tone of steady, cold unconcern.

"What became of Winnie Grafton? Is she married?"

Henry also paused. "Yes," he said, in a low voice.

Jim's rigidity slowly relaxed.

"Well, there's nothing more to be said about that," he said. And he laughed in such a manner that his brother shrank.

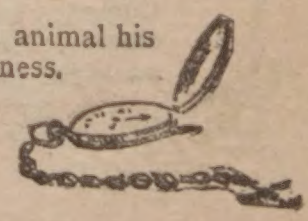
"Jim," he said suddenly, "she married me."

Jim, who had turned away, swung round, crouching, his head thrust up sideways.

"You! Oh, spirits above me, you!"

"Yes. For God's sake, Jim——"

But with a cry like a wounded animal his brother had sped away into the darkness.



A CASE FOR THE POLICE.

SHOWING HOW CERTAIN LONDON PERIODICALS LIVE ON A SYSTEM OF BLACKMAIL.

It may surprise the reader who is not "in the know" to learn that there are papers, and well-known ones, published in London to-day which live on blackmail.

They are papers of the type that are continually professing to expose swindles.

They must not for a moment be confused with other papers that do a public service by printing fearless exposures. THE MODERN MAN has more than once dealt with social and other scandals which no other paper dared to tackle; but the blackmailing papers of which I speak do not trouble about social scandals; they confine themselves solely to the exposure of swindlers.

THE "KNOW-ALL" WHEEZE.

Generally their circulation is a very fair one, for the public like to read this type of thing. The papers are edited and written in a "we-know-everything-about-everybody" sort of style, and, strange as it may seen, their readers fancy that by their support of these publications they identify themselves with the editors, and, like them, know everything about everybody.

In a word, it is the object of these publications to foster a spirit of self-satisfaction and self-congratulation amongst their readers, and to lead them to suppose that, however much other people may be swindled, they, through their knowledge, are immune.

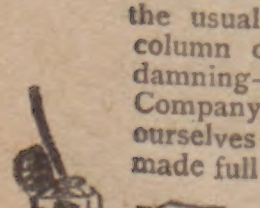
It is a human weakness for a man to suppose that he "knows a bit" and that he is "too old a bird to be caught by chaff," and it is upon this human weakness that these papers build up a sufficient circulation to make them powerful.

It is not, however, upon circulation that they depend for revenue.

ONLY MINOR ROGUES EXPOSED.

They expose the minor swindlers, who are too poor to pay them blackmail, but they make no accusations against those large concerns which are prepared to meet their demands; in fact, if the price paid be heavy enough, they will even insert flattering notices concerning swindlers who unquestionably ought to be exposed and who would be exposed if the editors in question were doing their duty in that public-spirited manner which they profess.

The London papers which go in for blackmail are judicious in the selection of victims, and their methods of extortion are delicate. Almost invariably the persons blackmailed are men connected with the financial world, and the usual procedure is to insert in the money column of the paper a paragraph that is semi-damning—something like this: "The ——— Company may be all right, but we do not commit ourselves to an opinion till our investigator has made full inquiries."



Their "investigator" forthwith betakes himself to the head office of the company concerned, sees its managing director, lays a proof of the paragraph before him, tells him that he has come to investigate, and that he is open to be convinced.

If the financier in question is an old hand, he pays the necessary blackmail without further discussion; but if his knowledge of this type of journalism is limited, he probably shows the "investigator" to the door.

THE SECOND STEP.

If this is the course pursued, the next step on the part of the paper is to print a further paragraph, still inconclusive and leaving them a loop-hole, but slightly more damning than the previous one. They will print something like this: "The ——— Company is not one to be strongly recommended. Our investigator has not yet completed his inquiries, and, until he does so in a satisfactory manner, we strongly warn the public against having any dealings whatsoever with the concern in question."

The mugs, fly-flats, or whatever you care to call them, who produce the shekels on which financiers batten, almost invariably read the papers of this class, and they are influenced by what they read therein. The managing director of the company which is being condemned realises this fact, and, knowing that his prospect of success will be very limited if this sort of thing goes on, he pays blackmail in order to be left in peace.

PALM OIL.

He is not so stupid as to say to the "investigator," who again calls to show him the second paragraph, that he will pay him one thousand pounds if the views of the paper are made more favourable to the company. Such a course would be clumsy. What he does is to call on the editor of the paper, to talk very nicely to him, to point out to him that his company is really a very honest one, and that the paper has been much too hard upon it, and to slip a banknote for a very large amount underneath the blotting-pad on the editor's desk.

A variant to this plan is to approach the proprietor in the matter of sales. The financier will tell him that he particularly wants to send his various clients a copy of the paper containing a favourable notice of his company, and that if such a notice appears he will buy at full retail price, without the usual trade discount, so many thousand or so many hundred thousand copies of the paper containing such a notice.

In the majority of cases, the copies so bought are simply sent to a waste-paper merchant, but the proprietors of journals of this class are careful to engage a chartered accountant that week to check their books and to issue a certificate as to their circulation. The purchase of a hundred thousand copies by the blackmailed financier figures as a perfectly genuine one, and is consequently certified by the accountant, whose certificate is a powerful lever in the obtaining of new advertisements.

Outside stockbrokers in particular are victimised by these blackmailing papers. They know very well that if a so-called exposure is printed concerning their methods, it is useless for them to institute an action for libel, for unfortunately our judges are prejudiced against this class of business men, and so it is that in papers such as have been described we find so many advertisements of outside brokers, good and bad.

These papers do not care whether an advertisement in their columns is genuine or not; their sole concern is the revenue that the announcement brings them, and thus we find in these papers advertisements not only of genuine financial concerns, but also of the most notorious bucket-shops at present in existence.

A GOLDEN MUZZLE.

A noteworthy case was that of a much-advertised bucket-shop which collapsed some little time ago. They flooded the country with their "literature," and they took gigantic advertising spaces in periodicals. Never a word was urged against them by any of those so-called protectors of the public, although it was common knowledge in the City that the business was conducted upon the most questionable lines.

When the late Mr. Whitaker Wright was being examined in bankruptcy, it came out that he had paid gigantic sums of money in blackmail to a paper which professed, and still professes, to expose swindlers. In the case of bankruptcy, the truth in matters of this sort will come to light, but there are hundreds of cases of blackmail at present going on that will not be exposed in the ordinary course of events.

It is a case for the police.

The police make everything easy for the ordinary man who prosecutes a blackmailer, but they do not seem to realise that in almost every case it is impossible for a financier to prosecute. He lives upon the confidence which the public bestow upon him, and once he loses that confidence his business is ruined; therefore he finds it cheaper to submit to the extortions levied upon him.

EDITORIAL HYPOCRITES.

It is nevertheless lamentable that one should find proprietors of well-known periodicals building up wealth upon a definite system of blackmail, and even setting themselves up as public benefactors.

Financiers are not by any means all good. They are a very mixed class, but, whether they are good or bad, there is no reason why the systematic extortion of blackmail should be winked at by the police in connection with finance any more than with any other type of business.

CHARLES H. LEGGE.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

We are waiting for you to say the word, in order that we may welcome you to membership of the League.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge. (Actual Size.)

The Mater's Treat

A SKETCH.

They were an interesting couple—the mother and her son.

She was old, or, rather, prematurely aged, thin and wan, a trifle shabby—a gentlewoman, who had known many years of genteel poverty, which, perhaps, is the most wearing sort of poverty of all. But she was happy, a little tremulously so.

He was twenty-five or so, rather an ordinary young man, with a well-set-up frame, and a pleasant, honest, but not particularly good-looking, face. Usually, one would say, not distinguished, but this day he wore an air of distinction.

He had the unmistakable look of the man who has "found himself," who has put behind him boyish things, and now stands upon his own two feet—a Man.

Perhaps he had just started in business for himself, perhaps he had just received an important appointment—I do not know, but anyway, here was a man who had "arrived," and good man that he was, he was taking his old mother out for a treat.

A STRANGER.

The restaurant was a middle-class one, a trifle garish, though eminently respectable. But to the mother it was a delightfully wicked place. In her girlhood, ladies did not dine in public restaurants, and early left a widow in narrow circumstances, she had had no opportunity of following the fashion of restaurant meals.

She felt frightfully dissipated amid the lights, the flowers, the music, the ornate decorations, the motley crowd of men and women. Of the latter, I am sure, she had strong, though quite unjustifiable suspicions. But no matter. She felt that she was dissipated, that she was brushing shoulders with frivolity, and being nothing if not a good woman, she thoroughly enjoyed the sensation.

A PROUD MOTHER.

She enjoyed it the more that it was her son who had brought her there. Long had he leaned on her, now it was her turn to lean on him. The "baby" had grown into a "man of the world," who ordered waiters about, called for the wine list, who seemed to take the "splendours" of the restaurant, the décolletée ladies, all the hum and bustle and *frou-frou* of a popular restaurant, all as a matter of course, who above all was fearfully and fascinatingly extravagant.

She had nearly fainted when she saw that the price of the "*diner*" was 7s. 6d, and had hurriedly begged for a chop. "Chop be blowed, mater," I could not help overhearing him say, "just see if there is anything in the *table d'hôte* that you like." But she had shaken her head hopelessly over the long French menu, and protested that she could not possibly eat so much. "Very well, then," he had said cheerfully, "we will dine *à la carte*." And she poor soul, had flattered herself that she was saving him money—saving him money when he ordered salmon, lamb cutlets, grouse, and *pêche à la Melba*.

RECKLESS EXTRAVAGANCE.

She had protested at the salmon, but he overruled her; for a moment I had trembled for the success of her treat, for she seemed inclined to go on protesting. But happily her woman's intuition came to the rescue. She saw that he was beginning to feel vexed, that he wanted her to take things as they came, and she gave herself up to enjoyment—she merely smiled when the waiter brought the gold-capped bottle in the ice-pail. Champagne! she had not tasted it since her wedding day!

She was a human woman and she enjoyed the good wine and the good food that brought some colour to her faded cheeks, but her truest happiness lay in furtively watching her son.

It was easy to see what was passing through her mind; every true woman likes a bit of "devil" in a man, and evidently she thought her son a tremendous dare-devil, no end of a dog. A little overwhelming were the pictures that flitted before her mind's eye. She saw him as helpless babe, as scarcely more helpful boy, as struggling youth for whom she had had to pinch and scrape; he had always been so dependent on her; they had had hard times together, and lived always on the cheapest. And now here he was a lordly creature, who scoffed at shillings and ordered champagne as a matter of course. It was tremendous; it was also splendid.

WELL-EARNED SATISFACTION.

He himself was feeling rather pleased. For the first time in his life he was really independent. He had got his foot well up the ladder. He was master of himself and of his particular corner of the world. The little dinner which was so much to his mother was a mere nothing to him. There is little satisfaction in eating what you cannot afford; there is immense satisfaction in having the best as an ordinary event.

And so the little dinner progressed. Motherly love shone in her face when he lit up a big cigar, and ordered two Benedictines. He was such a man—such a gentleman. She had dreamed of seeing him one day like this—master of the good things of life—and now her dream was realised.

A LOST SON.

She was happy, but tears are ever near a mother's happiness. She realised as she had never realised before that she had lost him, that he was now grown man, his life was no longer hers. He was now a man, with money of his own, free to do as he liked. Even when he first left the nest the parting had not seemed real. This was the true parting.

And so the tears were very near her eyes as she drank her Turkish coffee, and sipped her Benedictine.

It is a great moment in a woman's life, when as a girl she first dines at her lover's expense, but it is a still greater moment when as a mother her son takes her out to dinner at his expense for the first time. It marks the parting of the ways; it is the final severance of maternal authority.

Was I fanciful to weave all this around an elderly lady and a young man dining together in a restaurant?

RODERICK CRAVEN.

JUST A HINT.

Many readers have asked us how they could help us to make the paper better known.

They can assist us without much trouble to themselves. Here is the recipe:

If your newsagent does not show our poster every week, tell him that he ought to, and that you will buy your paper elsewhere if he doesn't. Also refer him to the notice that appears at the top of the cover this week.

SPORTING ERRORS.

MISTAKES THE NOVICE IS LIABLE TO MAKE.

The man who can talk without making a howler on any sport under the sun is a rare person indeed, and if he exists at all, he must spend a great deal more time than is good for him in active participation in sport.

Some men who have specialised in one particular sport seem to take almost as much pleasure in hearing the little errors to which the devotee of another branch of sport, or the man who is expert in none, are liable, as they do in talking unintelligible shop themselves.

There is no disgrace involved in being ignorant of the customs or etiquette of a strange sport, but to be able at least to disguise one's ignorance is certainly more pleasant, and it may be of interest to enumerate a few of the most common pitfalls.

The hunting man, for instance, will be horrified if you speak of the Pytchley Hunt as the "Pitchley" or the Belvoir as anything but the "Beever." But he will be still more horrified if you speak of the hounds as "dogs," or hint at the possibility of shooting a fox.

Golf, again, is a game which is bound up with etiquette, red tape, and technical terms. You must on no account speak while a man near you is making a stroke, nor must you stand anywhere but in a line with him, on one side or the other.

Golf is full of words and phrases which are Greek to the non-golfer. The winner of each hole has the "honour," and drives off first at the next; "one up and two to play" means simply that the leading player is one hole ahead, and that two holes remain to be contested; "like as we lie" implies that each opponent has played the same number of strokes at that particular hole; and such beautiful words as "bunker," "foozle," and "stymie" roll glibly off the golfer's tongue.

In connection with the last word there is an amusing story of a non-golfing visitor to the Club House, two of whose friends sallied forth in the afternoon to play a return match over the links.

In the evening the game was recounted stroke by stroke to the patient, but not understanding, non-golfer.

"We were all square at the eighteenth," said one player, "and he was absolutely stymied on the last green."

"Oh, I am sorry," replied the listener. "I thought he looked rather funny after lunch."

And then it was explained to him that to be stymied means to find your opponent's ball between your own and the hole in such a position that you cannot "hole out."

In the matter of aquatic pursuits, the uninitiated invariably mix up rowing and sculling. Rowing—except on the sea—is done with both hands on a single oar; sculling with a pair of sculls, one in each hand.

The majority of people who go out for what they call a "row" on the river are in reality sculling.

The rifle-shot is apt familiarly to speak of his rifle as his gun, but he is quick to resent the application of that term if he thinks that it is done in ignorance and that the speaker does not know that a gun is properly a smooth-barrelled weapon and not a rifled one.

The lacrosse-player is also apt to be annoyed if you speak of his "crosse" as his "stick" or "net." The latter word is rather too reminiscent of the name given to the devotees of the Canadian game at the Universities—the "prawning push."

There are many things, of course, in connection with horses which are beyond the ken of the ordinary individual, but which the horsey man learns by experience; but he does not like to have to explain to you that the near side of a horse is the left, and the off side is the right.

The man who is a stranger to horses can often be distinguished by the way in which he approaches a horse—even if he is not going to mount it. The experienced horseman will rarely approach a horse, if he can help it, except on the near side.

ALAN HAMER.

Our Readers' Page.

THE ANTIDOTE FOR WEARINESS.

There are few men who have not at some time or other felt depressed or tired out when they arrive home in the evening, and when they rise in the morning.

How is this? they wonder. Perhaps they are tired from overwork or worry, or from sitting too long in a stuffy office.

When such is the case, it seems the hardest work in the world to get out of bed in the morning and go through your exercises before breakfast.

Now, considering that a poison is very often the antidote to a poison, to make oneself more weary or fagged is usually the antidote for that tired feeling which makes one so downhearted. To resort to alcoholic stimulants or patent medicines is only a temporary remedy, though they are all right in their place.

To effect a real cure, if you are a Territorial in a mounted unit, like myself, put on your riding breeches and puttees, or your uniform when you arrive home, and go round to the drill hall or riding school, and if you are allowed to select your horse, as is the case in our brigade of R.F.A., where horses are stabled at the hall, take the most troublesome and uneasy, and stick it until drill is over. What you want is a change of occupation, to relieve your mind, and Sergeant-Majors give you plenty to occupy your mind when you are mounted.

If, unfortunately, you are not a Territorial, slip on your footer shorts and cricket or footer boots, and your cricket shirt, and take a good run across the country for a few miles in any sort of weather, and be sure to return perspiring all over.

If it is in the summer months go to the local baths, or better still to some pond or reservoir where bathing is not restricted, and swim round energetically for about a quarter of an hour.

In each case you must return home quickly and have a hot bath and a good rub down. Then take a glass of hot milk, or a cup of cocoa and a few biscuits, and retire to bed. If you do not rise next morning refreshed and strengthened and ready to go through your exercises vigorously, there is something wrong with you, and you ought to consult your physician.

A FOOTBALL TIP.

Despite the great hold that Association football has upon the Englishman of to-day, it is a strange fact that one most important point is neglected by, and, indeed, often unknown to, thousands of amateur players who are not of the first class.

This is that the ball should be kicked, not with the point of the boot-toe, but with that part of the boot which is made up of half the instep and the tops of the toes. To do this the foot has to be well drawn back and the toes pointed downwards before kicking, and thus the eminently desirable end of keeping the ball low is gained.

At Rugby, on the other hand, the point of the toe is used much more frequently in "dropping out," and so forth, and for this reason many Rugby boots are furnished with an extra strong toe-cap. But after a time this is apt to soften and the player's toes to suffer. So that when this happens a good plan is to place a little cotton wool in the toes of your Rugger boots before putting them on.

THE OBNOXIOUS CABBAGE.

In the suburban garden it is often possible to set aside a part for the cultivation of vegetables and so—possibly—to save a little money or even to turn an honest penny. As a matter of fact, I am told by some who have tried it, that this usually comes more expensive than buying one's vegetables in a shop, while the result is less palatable—but that is neither here nor there.

The man who turns his little strip at the back into a vegetable garden, is showing a great want of consideration for his neighbours. He may have screened the none too beautiful kitchen-garden from his own house, but the chances are that it is sufficiently obvious to offend the eye of those living on either side of him, and perhaps of others whose houses are back to back with his.

And, moreover, cabbages, which usually occupy the greater part of the amateur's vegetable garden, have an unpleasant habit of emitting an unsavoury and unhealthy odour after nightfall.

If the amateur who offends in this respect would only compare the cost and the quality of the cabbages he grows with those of the vegetables he could buy, he would probably think his garden space better filled with flowers which would be a joy not only to him, but to all those whose houses overlook his garden.

SPEARING FOR DABS.

Have you ever done any "dab-spearing"? It is quite an interesting sport, and well worth the minor disadvantages incidental to it. It can be had all the year round.

Dabs are small flat fish which frequent the "saltings" and tidal pools of many of our seaport towns. When the water is deep, the sport, which is very profitable, by the way, to professionals, is practised with the aid of a light boat and a trident-shaped spear; but the fish provide much better fun on what are known as "land-spring drains," where the bottom is hard and the water hardly ever more than a foot deep.

The sportsman provides himself with a bag or a fish-can (or, failing either of these, a pail will do equally well) and an ordinary kitchen fork with sharp prongs. This is how he sets to work.

He wades barefooted along the stream, peering into the mud in the hope of espying his prey. But he hardly ever sees one, though he will often feel one under his feet. Then he stands quite still, and feeling with his fork for the centre of the fish, drives it in. Then, placing the other hand under the fish, it is easy to lift it into the pail.

But be careful that you are not struck on the shin by a dab swimming at full speed. If you are, you will not quickly forget the occurrence.

THE TUBBING SEASON.

No, I am *not* alluding to boating practice, but to the fact that with the approach of March—and milder weather—we can once again enjoy the delights of the cold morning tub. Of course, we all of us have a tub throughout the winter, but that is a very different thing to a *cold* tub, isn't it? Ask any man you know whether he takes a cold bath in the freezing winter morning. He will probably say he does; but press him—ask him if he doesn't put a kettleful of boiling water into it. And it's a sovereign to a farthing that he'll admit that "well, perhaps I do put just a *leetle* drop into it."

But now a happy feeling comes over us at the thought that the kettle can be dispensed with; and it is safe to say that in millions of homes throughout the country, where Britons live, the morning air henceforth will resound with the puff, splash, and scratch of man, and sponge and good rough towel.

THE AMATEUR COMEDIAN.

Most of us are acquainted with the amateur comedian, but there are not many of us who like him. He shines chiefly at meal-times, especially at the breakfast-table. He will run a fried egg round and round his plate, and exclaim jocularly that it is a "cowardly egg"—it is running away from him.

Then at dinner-time he will perhaps be eating roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and he will not forget to prod at the latter, and sing "Oh, dear, what can the *batter* be?" If anybody is misguided enough to laugh, he will be unbearable all the evening. He is one of the most annoying people we know.

MAKING YOUR OWN CIGARETTES.

One of the minor worries of the cigarette-lover who is not overburdened with that greatest of this world's goods, money, is the problem of obtaining a sufficient supply of the fragrant whiffs in which his soul rejoices. Even cigarettes at ten for three-pence are not to be bought in large quantities by everybody. The best thing to do, then, is not to "cadge," as I fancy I can hear some readers facetiously suggest, but to make one's own cigarettes.

Most men try this, perhaps once, do it wrong, and give it up in disgust. But if they would only remember not to try to pack too much tobacco into the paper first of all, they would get on much better. Again, men who have more or less mastered the trick are put off home-made cigarettes because the paper turns black and looks disreputable. But this is because the tobacco has not been evenly distributed along the paper.

If you bear in mind the following hints: Packing loosely, but evenly, picking out pieces of "root" from the tobacco before using, and disregarding the risk of tearing the paper, you will find that to make your own cigarettes is as enjoyable and cheaper than to get them ready-made.

GOING OUT OF TRAINING.

There comes a time in the career of every one of us, a slightly sad time, when we decide that we are getting too old for training, and that we must go out of it.

But when many men go out of training they fall into a very grave error; and it is, in nine cases out of ten, on account of this that one sees so many fat men of forty, or even younger, wheezy, perspiring, and never really well.

When a man is in strict training for some exhaustive sport, he naturally has to indulge in a very heavy diet to keep up his strength. Take the boxer, for instance. Far from stinting himself like the jockey, he consumes an almost appalling amount of underdone beef, steaks, and all manner of nourishing foods.

In the same way all athletes who are concerned to be fine-drawn, eat very much when they are in training; and the error alluded to above consists in not reducing one's diet when training days are over.

It stands to reason that when one is living a practically sedentary life, it is the height of folly to eat as much as when one's tissues required ten times the amount of sustenance. So that when you see a man—once a giant in the sporting field—who pants after the exertion of billiards, you will be able to guess shrewdly why it is so.

PARAGRAPHS WANTED.

This page is reserved for paragraphs from our readers. They must have a bit of dash and appeal to *men*.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best, and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style; we'll put that right.

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OUR NEW SERIES OF STORIES. EACH OF WHICH IS COMPLETE.

Tom Burgess, Horseman

By J. F. JAMESON.

I. A FREE-LANCE AFIELD.

At Rugby the last passenger had got out of the carriage, leaving Tom Burgess lord of all he surveyed, and the train rumbled on Leicester-wards.

Burgess, breeched and legginged, heaved a sigh of great relief.

Through the southern window he could see the golden disc of the sun, that was ascending to the zenith. Well, at least Old Sol was kind enough to shine upon him. Mayhap a new venture that the sun shone on was as happy as the proverbial bride similarly circumstanced.

Burgess was to some extent a fatalist, and just now he was content to leave the issue, with a certain amount of confidence, in the hands of Providence.

There being none to reprove or object, he put his feet upon the seat opposite, pulled out his pipe and tobacco, and lit up.

Behind him, somewhere in the vague distance, he ruminated, was London — London and its smoke, its toilers, its pale-faced men-machines, who bowed to the rule of an indefinite Master Mind that kept the majority of its population enslaved.

Before him was the free-way, the fields, the broad hedge-bounded roads, and the open air of God's own country.

Also in the immediate future was his one *chance*. He had taken it boldly, as it behoved a man. A relationless, out-of-work clerk has but few friends. Yet, Burgess had that confidence in himself that would not allow him to go under. And why should he? Health and strength he had, together with a love for the open, and a longing to be associated, in the getting of his livelihood, with horses. To control the reins and hold the whip of driving authority, or, booted and spurred, to ride.

In the little hand-bag that carried his worldly possessions—a change of clothing, and little else—there was a letter that Burgess had kept.

He took the bag from the rack and, opening it, drew forth the officially-headed missive. The Sergeant-Major of his old squadron had been very kind, very considerate. He had persuaded the authorities to forego the fine, and as a Yeoman who had been of use to his regiment, they presented Burgess with his discharge gratis.

The Sergeant-Major had unofficially added a little tribute of his own.

Burgess read the letter through.

The Sergeant-Major agreed with the decision at which some of his friends had scoffed. Clerks, he said, were ten a penny in London. Besides, a young man with Burgess's physique and temperament was not born to sit on an office stool. For such as he there was the open, and a chance in life in a less stuffy atmosphere. Something in the horsey line, the Sergeant-Major was confident, would suit him better. Frankly, he had put him down as a horseman—not over expert, but, nevertheless, full of promise. Why not throw up London and try the Midlands, where the horse still held pride of place?

Burgess folded up the letter from his revered Sergeant-Major carefully, and something dimmed his eye.

The Sergeant-Major, a rough old customer when things went wrong, had got a heart. The squadron knew that. But until he received that letter Tom Burgess had never realised how big it was.

He closed the bag.

Somehow, attired in his breeches and leggings, he felt a man again—a free lance of the modern times, with all the great, good world before him and naught that counted behind.

He had been pardonably proud of his horsey rig-out when he had bought it. He had been almost pedantic with the tailor regarding the cut of the breeches and the shaping of the coat.

"Newmarket cut'll cost you more," the tailor had said.

"Make 'em smart!" said Tom firmly, and he withdrew his entire deposit at the savings bank, uncaring, to pay the bill. Very close upon that had followed his late employer's bankruptcy.

Burgess had been handed, after that, two weeks' salary in lieu of notice, and the "key of the street"—which made *him* smart, but in a different way to the breeches.

Burgess had not waited long. One cannot rest inactive for a protracted period with a fortnight's pay between oneself and starvation. With his riding rig-out, a "change," a hopeful heart, and some few shillings as his sole stock-in-trade, he had taken ticket for the Midlands, the open country, and a new life.

Tom Burgess reached down his cap and coat from the rack, for the train was running into the station.

"So it's good-bye to London," he ruminated, as he stood ready to get out of the carriage, "and cheero for ——"

"*Leicester!*" came the more or less musical cry of the porters.

Tom Burgess's heart gave the merest leap, and something within him said "Keep your pecker up, old man." At least, there are many worse mottoes than that with which to go through life.

* * * * * * *

"Don't know where the Old Man picked him up!"

"Can't think what the dooce he imagined *that* feller would ever do."

"Looks more like one of these 'ere stuck-up groom chaps."

"And mark ye" — Jimmy Starcher, oldest servant of the Mannerbridge Dairy, pointed to the stable-door across the yard, from which came sounds of much musical hissing—"'e's a' hard broom—listen to all that 'issing—all 'issing and no work, mayhap. Anyways, 'oo ever 'eard of a milkman spending a 'ole 'arf hour groomin' a 'orse. 'Nuff to turn the bloomin' milk sour 'is face is, too."

Much laughter greeted this sally on the part of Mr. Starcher, who, at a generous estimate, would have taken but a minor prize at a beauty show.

"And 'ave ye seen 'is Lordship's clo'es?" another man added, as he flung a pailful of water upon the wheels of a cart. "Kids 'imself they're smart, I suppose, and I'll bet he *lives* in that there coat!"

The derided young man came out of the stable at that moment. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and his arms were red with the chill of the water.

"Good afternoon, sir," said the four stablemen, raising their caps in mock humility.

"Good afternoon," said Tom Burgess, unconcernedly. He did not favour them with a second glance.

"Stuck up hass!" Mr. Starcher commented, injured because Burgess had taken no offence. "'Spose he thought we *meant* it. Like as not, ye know!"

"Well, ax him," another gentleman suggested.

"*You* ask him," Mr. Starcher amended.

"No *you*—or p'r'aps Bill will."

"No, Bill *won't*!"

"Garn! He wouldn't fight!" said Mr. Starcher, "and if he did——"

Mr. Starcher bared his arm.

"If he did I'd——"

Whatever Starcher would have done was interrupted by Tom Burgess's voice from the room where the harness was kept.

"What did you want to ask me?" Burgess inquired.

"The time," said Mr. Starcher promptly.

"Clock here's gone wrong."

"Ho," said Mr. Starcher, and explained *sotto voce* that it was as well to lie low for the present until a favourable opportunity occurred to rid the yard of the objectionably steady young driver whom the guv'nor had employed in place of a drunken man named Tilley.

The memories of Mr. Tilley's generous "treats" lingered still—and he had been gone from their midst but a week when the guv'nor had given his job to the "young chap from Lunnon."

Tom Burgess had spent a fortnight or so there; his work had been hard at first, as standing on the back-board of a milk-cart is no easy task to a learner. In addition, he had to live down the fact that he succeeded the drunken but popular gentleman named Tilley; and, further, he had encountered some opposition on account of his offensive cleanliness.

The old harness he always "cleaned up like new," which the Mannerbridge Dairy at large took as a direct insult.

The horse he drove, for some occult reason, rejoiced in the name of Thormanby, but had evidently suffered under Mr. Tilley's alleged "care." Burgess, with a little judicious and ready doctoring picked up in the Yeomanry lines, had vastly improved his appearance and condition, so that now Thormanby had become more worthy of his illustrious name.

The "Guv'nor"—a man of few, though terse, words—rarely came to the yard.

It struck the others, however, that the appearance of Thormanby might be contrasted to the disadvantage of the other horses.

Affection for their charges they had none—certainly not enough to allow them to "waste" much time attending upon them. Wherefore, Tom's zeal in this direction did but belittle him in the eyes of his mates.

Offers to assist in the toilet of the other horses were met only with very gruff and pointed refusals and suggestions that he should mind his own (qualified) business.

After that, Burgess sought their society no more.

He had no pals in the world—except, perhaps, Thormanby. Something in the old horse's kindly eye told Burgess that, in his way, he noticed the difference in the care and attention bestowed upon him.

But Burgess, when he passed the stalls of the other horses, felt, somehow, that he would have preferred that Thormanby had been less conspicuous for his glossy coat—not that he considered Thormanby any more than decently groomed. There were good horses in the Mannerbridge Dairy's stable-yard, looking very ordinary cattle because they were badly attended.

Things went on very much in the same old way. But one night, in particular, Tom Burgess's feelings were galled, and it was Mr. James Starcher who was responsible.

He had returned particularly drunk and particularly abusive. This would have mattered less than nothing at all to Burgess. The horse he drove, however, was lame.

Starcher, Burgess noticed, merely put the horse up, amid drunken mutterings, flung a cloth over the animal, and departed to sink himself deeper

in bedazement at the nearest village public-house.

That Burgess should try the lower regions for an indefinite space was Mr. Starcher's suggestion to him when he pointed out the injury to the horse's off-fore.

Burgess watched him leave the yard.

It was the rule that the last to leave should hang up the stable-key—a duty that usually devolved upon Burgess, who always saw that Thormanby was comfortably bedded before partaking of a belated tea at his village lodging.

This night was no exception. In the hazy sight of Mr. Starcher, Burgess locked the stable-doors. Then he put the key in his pocket.

"Good-night, Starcher!" he shouted across the yard.

"Goo' ni'." Mr. Starcher reeled on his uncertain way.

Burgess swiftly unlocked the stable-door, and took a casual glance at Starcher's horse. The animal was evidently in pain. A swift glance assured Burgess that it was not due to a stone in the hoof.

There was no question of hesitation.

Tom Burgess went to the pump, and two minutes later he returned with wet bandages, and kneeling down, he proceeded to apply them to the horse's injured off-fore.

He had not quite completed his little labour of mercy when there was a rattling at the stable-door, followed by a few remarks about a sanguinary key, which was not hanging in the proper sanguinary place, etc.

Burgess unlocked the door from the inside.

Mr. Starcher, slightly sobered by his walk to and from the public-house, entered. He had returned, Burgess gathered, for the money which he had left in his working jacket.

"And what are *you* doin' here?" Mr. Starcher queried. "But ye needn't tell me. Ye needn't tell me."

"That spares me some trouble then, doesn't it?" Burgess responded genially. "Good-night, Mr. Starcher."

"Good-night be damned!" Mr. Starcher observed. "I've come to look at my horse. You've been interferin' with 'im. I thought that would be yer little game. He was all right. Lameness is one of 'is—'is *'abits*."

"I see," said Burgess, "Well, it's a bad habit, and I thought a cold water bandage might cure him of it!"

"And ye put it on? Ye put it on!" Mr. Starcher almost screamed.

"Certainly—at least, I'm putting it on."

Mr. Starcher went over to the stall.

"Then, just take it off!" he remarked, after a pause.

"As I've just finished the job, there's no need," said Burgess, a little grimly. "Another thing, Mr. Starcher, it may surprise you, but I don't intend."

"'Oo's 'orse is that? Mine or yours, eh?"

Mr. Starcher advanced threateningly.

"The guv'nor's," Burgess responded. "But if he belonged to the Prince of Pilsen I'd see you in hell before I'd let the poor devil suffer when I'd a simple remedy to hand! Water's cheap."

"So are words!" Mr. Starcher's choler was rising.

Burgess calmed himself.

"Look here," he said. "I've no wish to hit a defenceless man."

"I ain't defenceless." Mr. Starcher was becoming more threatening than ever. "Do yer mean to take that bandage off or not?"

"A drunken man is always defenceless, Mr. Starcher. And I don't mean to remove that bandage!" said Burgess. "I warn you that if you attack me I'll——"

"You'll hit *me?*" Mr. Starcher's tones had risen to a scream.

"Oh, no. I'll carry you out into the yard and duck your head, Mr. Starcher—to cool you a little. That's all. Now, then, we can finish our discussion in the yard."

Burgess gave a final touch to the arrangement of the horse's cloth and conducted Mr. Starcher outside into the light breeze of the early spring evening.

At that moment the gentleman generally known as "Bill" ran up.

"What's all this about?" he spluttered.

"Are *you* sober?" asked Burgess by way of preliminary.

"Since poor old Tilley's gone we've *all* been—worse luck!" Bill observed.

"Very well. Mr. Starcher will explain. Go on, Starcher."

Burgess was still holding his arm pretty tightly. Mr. Starcher "explained" with many expressive adjectives.

"Then—now we've got yer, Burgess!" said Bill comfortingly. "Come on, Starcher. You're sober. You don't know *how* sober you are! We can settle this cocky swine as easy as kiss me 'and."

For two brief minutes there was a melée, followed by two splashes and a displacement of the water in the fairly ample water trough.

"Not as easy as 'Kiss me 'and, Bill,'" said Tom Burgess, as he handed two ancient horse-blankets to his dripping foes. "It's an old comparison that's getting a bit stale. Just say 'as easy as putting two damned fools into a water trough'!"

[*Another story of this series will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

IF WE COULD PUT THE CLOCK BACK.

Have you ever considered how you would fare in the matter of sport if you could put the clock back one hundred years, and so find yourself living in the year 1810?

For one thing you wouldn't get any football, for then the game was known only in the very crudest form and only at one or two of the great public schools.

Cricket? Yes, you'd be able to get some cricket, but the implements used and the costumes worn would surprise you. For one thing, the field, in most cases, would be covered with holes where cows had pressed their hoofs, the bails would be all in one piece, and the players would be dressed in very baggy flannels, with ordinary braces, and either black top-hats or white cotton nightcaps with long tassels. The bat, too, would be a weird, curved-bladed object, not unlike the club used in the American game of baseball.

The most popular pastime you would find to be cock-fighting, and the favourite sport to be prize-fighting with the raw-'uns, and always to the bitter finish—the knock-out blow.

CALLING MADE EASY.

Most men hate paying calls, but it is a duty that has to be performed on occasion, or you may get yourself badly disliked.

Our Anglo-Indian brethren, however, have adopted a custom which makes calling easy, and might well be followed in this country. When the Anglo-Indian "mem-sahib" is "not at home," either literally or metaphorically, she causes her butler (every Anglo-Indian household, however small, has about a dozen servants, ruled over by a native butler or major-domo) to affix to the outside of the door or to the gate-post a box with a slit in the lid. The presence of the box signifies that the mistress of the house is "not at home," and the caller simply drops his cards into the receptacle and departs disappointed or rejoicing, as the case may be.

The plan has some obvious advantages; servants are not kept answering the door or forced to prevaricate as to their mistress's invisibility, while if the caller would rather not find his hostess at home, he can reconnoitre beforehand, and by the presence or absence of the box ascertain whether the lady is in or out.

Further, the caller loses no time ringing up the servants only to find that the lady is not receiving.

An Anglo-Indian friend of mine told me that, thanks to this system, he once got through forty calls between 12 and 2 p.m. (the usual calling hours in India). Forty calls may sound a tall order, but then at an Indian station a new-comer calls upon practically every European in it.

A PLEA FOR THE INFANTRYMAN.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

To some people the word "Territorial" conjures up a vision of a resplendent individual in tight overalls and Wellingtons with jingling spurs, and with a riding-whip and no small opinion of himself.

But they seem to forget that the Territorial Army is not entirely composed of yeomanry. Far be it from me to decry the yeoman, but he is naturally in the minority—indeed, the mounted branches of the Force together are all outnumbered by the infantry alone.

For this reason, if for no other, the infantryman is deserving of more notice than is usually accorded to him. It is naturally galling to him to see the yeoman taken as typical of the home defence force just because he rides a horse instead of marching on foot, and because he is supplied with a more showy walking-out uniform.

While on the subject of uniform it is interesting to note how, in London at least, you will see far more yeomen in uniform than infantrymen, in spite of the fact that the latter number about three times as many. This would seem to be a part in which the infantryman might well take the example of his mounted comrade.

But it is not only on the score of numbers that the "foot-slogger" can lay claim to be regarded as of greater importance than he often is at present.

There is always rivalry between the various branches of the Service, and such is the interdependence of a modern army that each may truly say that the rest could not get on without it.

But without infantry an army would not be an army. The modern battle must be fought on foot. The cavalry charge is nowadays practically relegated to savage warfare, and it is the man on foot who bears the brunt of the action, though he may need cavalry to act as scouts or to move from place to place quicker than a dismounted force can do, engineers to build his bridges, Army Service Corps to feed him, Army Medical Corps to dress his wounds, or artillery to prepare the way for him or cover his retreat.

The foot-soldier has to spend less time on trivial fatigues and "stables," and so on, so that, despite the lack of a horse, his work is not without interest, and he has correspondingly more time for the actual business of fighting.

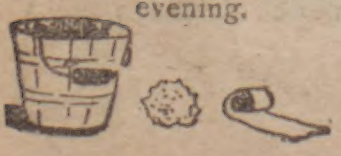
The infantry is the backbone of the fighting force, and among its ranks are as fine soldiers as ever bestrode a horse.

There is a certain famous yeomanry corps that has over the mantelpiece in the club-room at headquarters the motto, "The horse is a noble animal—I don't think." Whether that beautiful phrase be justified or not, there is no doubt that the mounted soldier's horse gives him an added prestige. Few men who know the amount of extra work that is involved would grudge him this, or his smarter uniform.

But we cannot all serve in yeomanry regiments, and there are too many men who, finding that they cannot obtain admission to a yeomanry regiment, are content to put their names on the waiting-list and let the matter rest there. They do not consider the possibility of joining an infantry corps, where they would be doing as good service to their country at just as much profit to themselves, both physically and in other respects.

The object of the Territorial Army is not to give a certain number of young men a good time, though it succeeds admirably in doing so, but to provide for the defence of Britain, and that is not a thing that can be put off. It may be possible, when the vacancy occurs, to transfer from the infantry into the yeomanry, but, as a matter of fact, when the time comes, the chances are that the man who has had a taste of infantry work and got to know his comrades in arms, will be quite content to remain where he is.

M. H. ALLAN.



THE BURNING OF BILBY'S

"Well done, Wurgle!" says the Squire. . . . But inside that burning shed there is silence.

"Poor devils are suffocated, I reckon!" says the Squire. At this moment the crazy roof falls in, carrying part of the wall with it. When the dust of the *débris* clears, those of us whose eyes are not blinded by the blacks that fly, can see that not a bullock is standing. They are lying prone, and where the fire has been fiercest. Two are black and charred . . . horrible to see.

A GALLANT RESCUE.

"Top o' the Big Barn's caught," someone shouts. So the buckets of water that were poured thereon to prevent this were of no use! Even now, handfuls of thatch, flaming as they drift groundwards with the wind, are filling the air with a red rain. From the inside of the barn comes a whining and a barking.

The Squire misses Wurgle, the head-man of the farm, again.

"Where's Wurgle?" shouts the Squire.

"Gone in the barn, and we couldna stop him, sir!" someone yells out. "Gone in there arter 'is little dorg."

"Fool!" says the Squire. "That Wurgle 'll be gettin' done in. Wur-gle!"

No answer. Someone informs us that he went in through the big doors, from which smoke is issuing now—smoke and a smell of burning grain . . .

"On the roof! On the roof!" is the general yell. And there is the brave Wurgle, his dog in his arms and the ancient axe in his hand with which he had hacked his way through to the lower lean-to roof. He is very black, but smiling.

JUST IN TIME.

His Lordship runs up and catches the "little dorg." Wurgle drops off just as the warning of the Squire—"Stand *clear*!"—sounds high above anything else. The old barn is burning like a straw stack.

"Down she comes!" yells the Squire. And Wurgle, thank God, is just clear!

Yet all our labour is in vain. The fire-engine from the three-mile-distant market town cannot arrive in time. Besides there is not enough water.

Across the farm-yard, the flames, having licked up all that came in their way, are subsiding, and we gaze upon a new view from the back of Bilby's.

Then comes a cry of "Bilby! Bilby!"

It is the Squire who gains him first and says something which only I can overhear.

"Insured? The whole bloomin' lot and that heavily," says Bilby. "Now, if the darned wind had a' bin the other way so that the fire caught the old house—*my!* Squire, but it's a rare good year I should ha' had this nineteen-ten, and chance the harvest. . . . Squire, you'd better take that twenty *now*."

SIDNEY NORTH.

A COUNTRY SKETCH.

We were driving along the main road—the [illegible] of the Hall, his son, and I.

A [illegible] yokel yelled out to us at the [illegible] gallop.

"Bilby's is a-burnin', sir!"

"The devil!" my host of the Hall ejaculated, "and Bilby owes me a twenty-pun-note. Gee up there, Rory."

Rory, a splendid chestnut, stepped it out accordingly and we flew along the Kentish road, passing turn-outs that boasted a lesser splendour than our own. In each case the driver shouted out to us: "Bilby's a-burnin', sir!". until every wind seemed to echo it. Bilby's burning! I was sorry, for I knew the lank Bilby, a long but kindly man, and a son of my own county.

AN EVENT.

All roads seemed to lead to Bilby's. We caught the local patrician in his victoria. Only the barns and the outer sheds, said my [illegible], and flung a stentorian "Don't know" to us in answer to the Squire's query as to whether Bilby's was insured.

The Squire relinquished the care of our dog-cart and the superb Rory to a yokel, who stood gaping upon Bilby's pasture, the Old Man looking decidedly anxious because he feared losing his thirty pounds, and he had only twenty thousand in the bank, they said.

I have never seen quite such a pandemonium as this. I have watched great steam mills burn, casting lurid lights upon the black waters of the adjacent river. Once I saw a suburban draper's conflagration, and upon another occasion a big fire in Barbican. Each was—judged from a spectacular point of view—splendid. There was something grand . . . superb in the sight of the brass-helmeted firemen at their work—experts with the axe, artists with the hose, and withal tireless.

PEOMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE.

But here, at Bilby's, that regal touch is lacking. Here we can cheer the arrival of a fire-engine drawn by magnificent horses. But, at Bilby's, the whole thing is too crude, too grim. The expression on the faces of the men drawing that water-trough on wheels across the uneven farm-yard prevents one from laughing because it looks so inadequate. The wheels are creaking, the water splashes over the edge and threatens to drench the bystanders. The whole yard is one patch of sludge and quagmire.

Where is Bilby? Where the devil is Bilby? Has anyone seen Bilby? . . . A yokel touches his hat. "Master's gone to market and Missus is [illegible] . . . Fire started in the harness-house, [illegible] . . . The Squire promptly assumes command of affairs and yells to his irregular army in excellent tones. One brigade is told off to fling buckets of water on the barns, the grain must be saved if possible. What about Bilby's bullocks? *There?* . . . Good gad!

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

"Don't stand a-gapin' there!" shouts the Squire. "Get a move on ye, some on ye! These blue bullocks 'll burn to cinders. Come on. *All hands.*"

It is "all hands!" His Lordship, who has arrived by this time, is pressed into service and works by the side of his groom and his various retainers. His Lordship was a noted athlete at Cambridge, and can fling a pail of water as far as [illegible].

Thus we wage war against the flames that spurt and crackle above the tarred roof of the long shed. The wind blows the red tongues out towards us, yet there is a man who makes the dash through the black smoke and swiftly unbars the doors. He has only time to fling them open and stagger back coughing.

BOAT-RACE TRAINING.

WHAT THE BLUE HAS TO GO THROUGH.

The two crews that are to take part in the greatest of all the annual inter-'Varsity struggles have already entered upon the last stage of their training. Already crowds have begun to frequent the river bank when they go out for practice, and the reporter and the Press photographer are hard at work making "copy" out of them.

The fact that the boat-race is to be rowed this year in Holy Week has troubled many of those who are interested in rowing, among whom are an enormous number of clergymen—nearly all of them 'Varsity men, and not a few of them old Blues. But considerations of tide and public convenience, and of the comfort of the oarsmen themselves, who are by no means always the first people who have to be considered, it has been found impossible to improve on this not altogether satisfactory arrangement.

The men who go into training on Ash Wednesday and spend a Lent that is one of self-denial indeed, and finally go through the greatest physical ordeal that modern sport involves, thoroughly earn the fame to which the proud position of a Rowing Blue entitles them, not only for the brief time when all eyes are turned upon them, but even in after years—for once a Blue, always a Blue. Well does the 'Varsity eightsman earn the oar he rowed with, and the memories that it will recall, when in the years to come it hangs on the wall of his study or billiard-room.

To those who realise what the four-mile course means to the rival crews, it is small wonder that weeks of careful training and experienced coaching are necessary to tune the human body up to such an ordeal.

Several men in either crew had never touched an oar before they went up to the 'Varsity two, three, or four years ago. And so they had a fair start, for Eton, and possibly Radley, are the only two schools which can impart a style of rowing which is anything but a hindrance that has to be unlearned, according to 'Varsity ideals.

Each man has been through the mill of "Lents" or "Torpids," and "Eights" or "Mays," and on the form shown in the latter—the summer bumping races at Oxford and Cambridge respectively, which are rowed on sliding seats—the two Trial Eights are chosen at each University. The Oxford Trials row against each other at Moulsford, some twenty or thirty miles down stream and the Cambridge crews row at Ely.

Then begins the final weeding out, and after many changes the 'Varsity crew is finally chosen, and goes into training, and further changes usually only involve the transferring of a man to the other side of the boat—for the true oarsman is at home either on stroke- or bow-side—or the possible reshuffling of the places in the crew.

Each man has passed a medical examination, to make sure that he is fit for the six weeks of hard training with two or three journeys a day. His whole life during that time is regulated with a view to the race. He is just a rowing man for the time being, and nothing else.

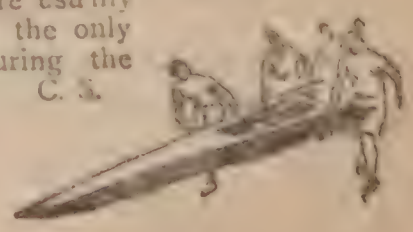
The crews live together after they leave the home waters some three or four weeks before the race. A week is spent on one of the upper reaches of the Thames, where the crews are usually the guests of some distinguished man who is interested in 'Varsity rowing.

Then they migrate to Putney, where a house is taken for each crew, and for the last fortnight the work is lighter, consisting chiefly of practising starts and occasional full-course trials.

It is perhaps the coxswain who learns most at this period, for he is on the waters on which he will have to steer in the great race, and he has the tide to reckon with for the first time.

Every coach has different ideas as to the proper method of training, but the will of the senior coach is law to his crew, and eggs and solid meat breakfasts and big dinners are usually the rule. Beer is generally the only alcoholic drink allowed during the period of training.

C. S.



WHERE MEN FORECATHER

LIV. WITH THE UNEMPLOYED.

It seems that, no matter the Party in power, the Unemployed are likely to be always with us. The era is so long distant when Hyde Park will not be the scene of their demonstrations, that it is safe to say that no one of the present generation will live to see it. And to the purpose of demonstrations is Hyde Park devoted now. How times change!

It is difficult to reconcile one's many impressions of this Puzzle for Premiers. It is the moving picture in every big city to-day. And the puzzle is to "find work." . . .

In times of stress the market-place of the provincial town is the favourite venue for meetings of the Unemployed, and often you may be led to think, as you listen to the men who address them, that the (un)-Victor-(ious) Graysons and the numerous Labour Members must look to their laurels.

The Unemployed are, naturally, a mixed fraternity. But one of the best orators I ever heard was an out-of-work factory hand who addressed an informal meeting of the Unemployed in the market-place at Lincoln. A Socialist had been sowing the seed of his creed upon the fairly fertile soil so obviously presented by the three hundred or so out-of-works. I could fill many pages with the gist of the factory hand's address. One by one he tore down the images raised by that Socialist. There were "words."

The Socialist, I remember, found refuge in the Town Clerk's office, and was saved from a violent end.

A BUDDING CABINET MINISTER.

I took the trouble at the time to ask the young man's name—because there will come a day when that little anecdote may be worth repeating. He ought no more to have been a factory hand than Mr. Lewis Waller ought to be a coal-heaver. Yet even if success attends him, if Fame touches him lightly upon his shoulder, I can see his end. They will make an Independent Labour Member of him and prevail upon him to moderate his anti-Socialistic views. He will get his portfolio, mayhap, and two thousand pounds a year. Then, the Conservative party may register another gain with safety—even if he is classed as "Labour" in the election returns. For many decades yet, Ambition may be backed to beat Socialism.

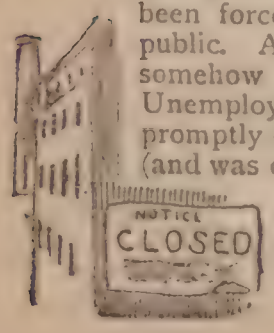
There is nothing really very funny in a band of the Unemployed. The poverty of the genuinely distressed is too gaunt, too glaring, too wretched, too distasteful. One withdraws, as it were, the hem of one's garments—in profound pity. Yet, as a trial is sometimes relieved by the sallies of a humorous barrister, so, at times, an Unemployed meeting is not without its unconscious touches of humour.

"MR. SECRETARY."

In a north-country town, I remember, things had come to such a pass that the Unemployed had been forced to appeal to the generosity of the public. A most mild and incapable man had somehow constituted himself "Secretary" of the Unemployed. He headed deputations (and was promptly dismissed), he worried the Town Clerk (and was consigned by that gentleman to a warmer place than the borough accountant's office). Finally he went round to the vicar of the parish and asked if a collection could be made on Sunday evening for the workless.

His personality carried so little weight and his words were so unconvincing that the vicar did not think it convenient. The Secretary returned, and told the shivering band of the Unemployed. They said nothing, but from that moment they dropped Mr. Secretary.

Now in the town of which I speak, the fact that there are "nearly as many churches as there are parks" is proverbial. Some of the least conscientious of the Unemployed formed a Syndicate, and that Sunday evening the Syndicate had representatives waiting on the curate-in-charge or incumbent of each church.



THE ONLY COLLECTION.

Each representative carried his point, and took in with him five or six *very* pious-looking men from the ranks of the out-of-works. And in the ordinary way the parson at each church gave out that there would be a special collection for the Unemployed—"the only collection in the town to-night, as I understand that these poor fellows have been unsuccessful in their application elsewhere." This, of course, was a beautiful invention of the Syndicate.

The kindly congregation in each case gave exceptional amounts, and a record collection was made in almost every instance, as, even when divided into the five or six shares, the sum was considerable at each church.

At a subsequent market-place meeting of those who were not "in the game," the whole thing leaked out, and there was a "picnic." The Syndicate would doubtless have appreciated the humour of the situation—which the mild-mannered secretary certainly failed to see—but they had migrated, every man Jack of them, to sunnier climes.

The unfortunate part was that the "genuine" men were for ever after impartially distrusted by the town, which put them down as being tarred with the same brush as the nefarious Syndicate. Thus do the innocent suffer for the guilty.

THE SADDEST CASE OF ALL.

In thousands of examples it is, of course, certain that the clerk's wage-earning capacity is infinitely less than that of the artisan. Yet one is very prone to feel more keenly for the position of the collared-and-tied man, whom none will employ as their writing-machine, so that he has to look to his muscles and try to feel glad should they hand him a spade at the Corporation's Office of Works and set him at digging up the roads for tramways that the town does not want.

Poor devil! He looks so out of place with those "common working-men," whom he, doubtless, once affected to despise. He has not their great bodies nor their strong arms. They can push him aside metaphorically and literally. For some days he stands on the fringe of the meetings, and does not apply for the "doles." Then want makes him take his place in the queue. . . . Poor devil!

Of the "Unemployed" demonstrations no impartial man can have much to say in favour. The majority of them are farces.

I remember once standing upon the steps of the Grand Hotel in Northumberland Avenue. A vast crowd of demonstrators seethed round the Landseer lions, and an absolute out-and-out regicide (verbally) was shrieking seditious epithets at the crowd in the name of Socialism. They cheered and echoed his sentiments in every way.

Down with everything was their motto (including Nelson's column, decent-minded people might have hoped, seeing that some hundreds of confessed Anarchists might have been wiped out by its fall).

Suddenly there was a great rush towards the Haymarket; and the orator was left practically alone by the monument that his very contact seemed to disgrace.

Upon the steps of the Grand Hotel I turned to a friend of mine.

"Surely," I said, "this must be Keir Hardie coming or a leading light of the Socialist Party."

HIS MAJESTY THE KING!

The hotel porter very obligingly found out for us.

It was the King driving in his closed brougham to Buckingham Palace.

And from the Haymarket there came the sound of the roaring cheers for his Majesty the King!

Ambition, as I before stated, being too strong to be beaten by any form of Socialism for many decades, it will never do for another misguided mouthpiece of the Unemployed to devise such an offence to Humanity at large as was displayed recently upon a banner in an "Unemployed" demonstration.

Surely the gentleman who devised it deserves the palm for heartless and colossal insolence. The pity is that his action may adversely affect many who, otherwise, would gladly give of their plenty to the Unemployed.

Upon that banner, as we shall all remember, was inscribed the scandalous legend: "Close your charity. We want work!"

PETER GILCHRIST.

WELCOME MEN AT SOCIAL EVENINGS

It is very probable that a great many readers of THE MODERN MAN are addicted to giving periodically jovial and unceremonious bachelor parties in their rooms, and no doubt they are sometimes concerned to think out the men of their acquaintance whose presence is likely to make the evening go off well.

A good man to get is the chap who can sing. Of course, most of us can shout a rollicking chorus—a bit out of tune, perhaps, here and there, but our intentions are good. But after a while we get tired of howling, and are very glad to sit quietly and listen to a man with a good voice.

The man, too, who can play any kind of musical instrument—even if it be only the time-honoured tissue-paper-covered comb—is a very welcome guest at a bachelors' party. The travelled man, again, should always be secured, if possible, for his anecdotes are very acceptable when card games have become dull, and our melodious Muse has lost her charm.

KILTED CLERGYMEN.

Many Scotsmen, I dare say, do not know that the Scottish clergy have their own tartan. This, known in the Gaelic as "Breacan nan Cléirach," is a mixture of black and dark blue, with light blue or white stripes.

In remote Highland districts you may see to this day Scottish ministers walking about, if not in kilts, at least wearing the tartan plaid of the clergy, and at one time the Highland priest not only wore the kilt, but went about armed to the teeth, and took his sword or other weapons into the pulpit with him.

It is recorded of one Colin Campbell, minister of Ardchattan, that having to depose Macdonald, minister of Kilchoan Church, he went there "dressed in the kilt, and armed with a sword in one hand and a cocked pistol in the other, set his back against the wall, and resolutely defied the stormy audience in front of him. He delivered his message, and, whig minister though he was, got out of the parish none the worse of the adventure."

TAKING UP ATHLETICS

AND HOW TO SET ABOUT IT.

There often comes to a man comparatively late in life—after he has attained full manhood, that is to say—the desire to go in for athletics in some form or another.

He may have disregarded them at school, or in the days when he had ample time and opportunity for sport; he may have been too busy preparing for his future career, or, more probably, he preferred less strenuous pastimes.

But there comes a time when he is more or less settled in life, and when, especially if he is a bachelor, he wants some form of exercise which will not only develop his muscles and keep him in health, and provide an outlet for his energy and a relaxation for his leisure hours, but will bring him into touch with other young men of similar tastes and will initiate him into the great freemasonry of sport which seems sufficient introduction all the world over.

It is a very different thing, however, to take up athletics at school or college and to do so when one is independent and alone—perhaps in a strange city.

NEED, NEW BLOOD.

In the former case it is seldom long before one receives visits from various eminent people, such as the captains or secretaries of the numerous athletic clubs, and each will be very affable, and explain exactly why, how, and when you should play the particular game that he represents. The officials of every athletic club are always on the look-out for new blood, but it is at school or college that it is possible for them to whip up possible recruits and relieve them of any trouble in the matter of starting.

To the man who is already a keen athlete it may seem absurd that anyone should want advice as to how to start; but only too often the would-be athlete is very much at sea, unless he happens to possess a chum who already goes in for the question.

Let us consider, therefore, the different methods of setting about taking up some of the more popular games.

Take, for example, football. Here we have a game that is beset by many rules, and a man does not like to appear on the football field as a player without a fair working knowledge of those rules. There is quite enough to learn by experience as it is, instead of leaving the rules of the game to be knocked into him by actual experience, and at the expense; perhaps, of making a fool of himself once or twice, he will get hold of a copy of the rules and will study them until he understands the game.

IT PAYS.

The same applies to most games, such as football, cricket, or hockey, where the team is a large one, and it is impossible for games to be played with the express purpose of teaching a beginner. That beginner, therefore, will feel much less uncomfortable if he has learnt the rules and something of the spirit of the game beforehand, and has improved his understanding of them by attending matches as spectator.

In the case of other forms of sport, however, it is in general. Cross-country running, for instance, is a pastime that anyone can make a fair show at, whether he has previous experience or not. He may not break records to start with, but he need not disgrace himself.

Or, with some recreations the best introduction is to find a friend who has sufficient knowledge of them to put you up to the ropes, and from whom you can pick up the elements of the sport. Swimming, boxing, fencing, and riding all come under this head, although in each case you may, if you prefer it, or are obliged to do so, easily find a professional who will give you excellent tuition for a not very exorbitant fee.

If you join a gymnasium, again, there will probably be an instructor there as a matter of course, who will readily give you a lead; or when you want to take up golf—which can be done at any age—the club professional will always take you on for two shillings or less a round.

The would-be oarsman may, of course, join a rowing club straight away and submit himself to the ordeal of tubbing, but if he has no knowledge of the river and its ways, he will be wiser if he puts himself in the hands of some old waterman and learns to scull first. In this way he will learn how to handle a boat, and how to use his hands, and feel at home on the water, and he will learn something of that indefinable quality of "watermanship" which makes the difference between a good oar and an indifferent one, besides avoiding the trivial mistakes of which the novice is often guilty of.

And so with many other sports, you can often find some old hand—perhaps a man who makes his living by what to you is a recreation—who will be ready and willing to give you some serviceable tips for little more than the price of a drink. And he will not laugh at your maiden efforts either.

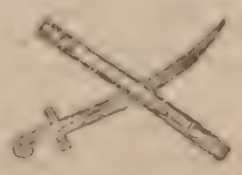
HOW TO FIND A CLUB.

The difficulty of finding a good athletic club, too, is one which should not present much difficulty to the enterprising man. In the country there will probably be no choice, but in the town there may be greater variety. If the man who wishes to take up athletics, however, has no chums to advise him, or is new to the district, a line to the editor of the local paper, or even the study of its advertisement or sporting columns, will usually produce the necessary information and enable him to get in touch with the secretary, who will probably be only too glad to welcome him and give him all the help and information in his power.

JOHN GERVAISE.

MILITARY BADGES.

In a previous article have been described some of the badges worn by the officers and men of our Navy. Those which denote the ranks of the Army are naturally better known to most of my readers, and even the general public, who have done no military service, are more familiar with them.



Brigadier-General.

But I have even met Territorials who could not say exactly what rank was denoted by each badge—especially when it was peculiar to some arm of the Service other than their own.

Badges such as the first one illustrated are but seldom seen by any but the soldier. The rank of Brigadier-General is a temporary or local rank, which takes precedence next after that of Major-General. It is given to Colonels in order to qualify them to command Brigades. The badge is a crossed sword and baton in metal, worn on both shoulders.

The Major-General wears a single star, such as that shown in the second sketch, above the Brigadier-General's badge. A Lieutenant-General, the next above him in rank, wears the crossed sword and baton surmounted by a crown, and the full General wears both crown and star above the Brigadier's badge.

The badges with which there is more need to be familiar, however, are those of officers from a Colonel downwards. In Service dress these badges are worn on both cuffs; in all other uniforms they appear on the shoulder-straps.

To begin at the bottom of the ladder, the simplest badge is that of a Second Lieutenant, the junior commissioned officer. He wears a single star of the pattern illustrated, and a single band of drab braid round the cuff of his service jacket. A Lieutenant wears two similar stars and a single band of braid.

Second Lieutenant.

A Captain, the lowest officer who is addressed by his rank in private life, wears three stars and two bands of braid.

A Major wears simply a crown, and three bands of braid, and a Lieutenant-Colonel wears the same badge with the addition of a star *below* the crown.

A Colonel, the officer who holds the highest rank in a regiment, wears a crown with two stars below it and four bands of braid.

Riding-masters and Quartermasters, who are usually promoted from the ranks and and hold the honorary rank of Lieutenant, Captain, or Major, wear the badge of their honorary rank, and have no distinctive badge.

The badges of warrant and non-commissioned officers are in many cases more complicated. They are always worn on the sleeve—in Service kit on both sleeves, in other uniforms on the right arm only.

Staff-Sergeant

A Staff Sergeant-Major, who is a Warrant Officer, or a Sergeant-Major, wears a single crown on the forearm, either of metal gilt or gold or silver wire.

A Squadron Sergeant-Major of Cavalry, a Company Sergeant-Major of A.S.C., or an Infantry Staff-Sergeant wears (above the elbow) the badge here illustrated—a crown above a Sergeant's chevrons. A Battery Sergeant-Major, who holds a corresponding position in the Artillery, wears the same badge with a gun interposed between the crown and stripes. A Company Sergeant-Major of the Engineers wears the badge with a grenade in the middle.

Colour-Sergeant.

The Quartermaster-Sergeant wears four inverted stripes on the fore-arm, but the badge varies according to the branches of the Service, a star, gun or grenade being added in some cases. Battery Quartermaster-Sergeants wear the same badge as Battery Sergeant-Majors.

A Colour-Sergeant, the senior N.C.O. in an Infantry company, wears a crown and crossed flags above a Sergeant's stripes. The flags in this case represent the Standard and the Union Jack. A pair of crossed flags alone denotes a signaller, but these are white, with a blue line down the middle.

Lance-Corporal.

The simple chevrons of the remaining N.C.O.'s are familiar to all—three stripes denote a Sergeant, two stripes a Corporal, and one stripe a Lance-Corporal or Bombardier.

Except in the case of the Quartermaster-Sergeant, chevrons worn with the point upward are good-conduct stripes, and do not denote rank

C. JAMES.

A HUMAN EPISODE.

By S. MORSE-CHAPLIN.

The children had been put to bed some time ago, and Ben was sitting in the bright warm kitchen in that state of comfort known as the "shirt-sleeves," reading out items from the evening paper to his wife, who was ironing on the table by the wall.

She was an alert little woman, with a certain girlish motherliness about her, and Ben was big, stolid, and good-tempered. They were a contented pair, simply because they were fond of one another and Ben was wise enough to leave the whole management of the home to her. In all the street there was no house so clean and tidy as theirs, nor any children turned out with such absence of evidences of poverty.

Hence the look of quiet pride which shone in Ben's eyes as he lowered his paper sometimes to watch her, and hence her industrious thumping and wobbling of the sad-iron.

She was taking no notice of Ben, beyond an occasional remark when he read out something that interested her, but every time he watched her she was aware of it.

Sometimes there were silent intervals when she held at arm's-length some garment and pondered upon its cleanliness, or perhaps saw in her mind's eye the picture of the child wearing it.

At such times the very atmosphere seemed filled with sounds of peaceful content. The kettle droned, steam winding gently from its spout towards the chimney; the fire rustled, the flames gurgled, while even the faint hiss of the burning gas could be heard.

The door leading upstairs was ajar, and once one of the children called good-night.

"Go to sleep!" commanded the mother sharply, and the child turned over, feeling comfortable.

Ben became restless presently. He drew one leg under his chair, scraping hobnails over the speckless red of the bricks, and received the lash of a scolding tongue without any manifestation of concern. At last he stood up, put on his coat, and filled his clay pipe.

"Now don't ye be long," she threatened, "or ye'll get no supper."

Ben smiled with understanding. "Some'at 'ot?"

She nodded.

"Tripe?" A negative shake. "Stooed eels?"

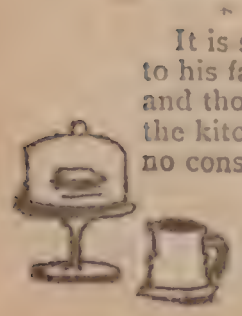
"Never you mind!"

"My! Stooed eels is jest my partic'lar fancy."

"Well, it ain't that then. No. Leave that oven alone! Time enough to know when ye come back."

* * * * * * *

It is strange how habit rules a man. Ben went to his favourite "pub" as naturally as to his bed, and though the tap-room was far less cosy than the kitchen at home, he sat down on a bench with no conscious loss of comfort.



THE BLOW

An old man whom everybody called "Uncle" was there, talking loudly, with characteristic garrulity, to a group of men by the bar. He had a tall, white forehead, and a long white beard, yellow-stained about the lips. His mouth was open even when he was not speaking, and his blue eyes roved vacantly, in their glassy depths a suspicion of imbecility.

He was drunk and boastful. "They could talk about their physical culture! He didn't agree with it. Look at him! He'd never gone in for any tomfool exercises, and he was as strong now as ever he'd been. *And* as strong as any of the younger men there! Would they be like him at his age? Not much!"

Ultimately he persuaded a sturdy young barman to wrestle with him. "Uncle" was a good customer, and everybody humoured him. Moreover, the habitués of bars grasp eagerly at any sort of diversion.

The barman struggled with every appearance of earnestness, but at last was obliged to give in. "Uncle was too 'ot for him!"

On the strength of his prowess "Uncle" treated the company to drinks, and grew more excited than ever.

Ben looked on amusedly. The old man was standing in the middle of the room, challenging all and sundry, noisy, garrulous, showing-off, his eyes roving vacantly, bony hands waving.

Nobody would "take him on." He beckoned Ben. Ben shook his head.

"Come 'ere!" said "Uncle," pulling him from his seat by main force.

"Now what, Uncle?" said Ben, good-temperedly capitulating.

"Hit me 'ere." "Uncle" braced himself and stuck out his chest.

"What for?"

"Goo on. You'il see." The old man proudly drew the attention of the company to what was about to happen.

"I 'ad a stone broke on my chest once," he averred. "Split in two with a 'ammer!"

"I don't want to hit yer," said Ben. "'Ere, you hit me!"

"Just give 'im a tap," whispered the barman. "'E won't be satisfied unless."

Still Ben protested. There were strangers in the room and he was feeling foolish. "Uncle" wagered drinks here and there that Ben's blow would not overbalance him.

Several men urged Ben on, enjoying his discomposure, appreciating any diversion. At last he struck "Uncle's" chest lightly.

"'Arder!" said "Uncle," holding open his coat.

Ben tapped him again, with a sudden inward dislike for the open, dribbling mouth and the imbecilic eyes.

"'Arder!"

The onlookers cheered, imitating excitement. Angered at being the butt of their gibes, Ben struck the old man again, restraining the force of the blow with an effort. The other still held his ground, ridiculously upright, idiotic, maddening.

Nobody was satisfied. Ben hadn't done his best. Any fool could see that.

With a burst of impatience Ben let drive his fist. Something crunched. There was a chorus of applause as "Uncle" fell back; of exclamations as he collapsed on the floor. Then silence, glances, a rapid examination, whispers, fearful looks. . . .

Ben stood in the centre of the room, staring at the prostrate body, nothing in his face but a great, blasting horror. His lips moved, but no sound came from them. . . .

Several men hurried away, anxious to get out of trouble. A policeman appeared and listened suspiciously to the explanations. Then a doctor.

"It's all right. You'll be all right. You couldn't help it. There won't be no trouble for you. J formality . . ."

So men kept talking to Ben.

He walked very carefully to a seat and sat do lifted his limp hands and stared fixedly at them

"Oh, my God," he whispered. And again, " my God."

A hand touched his shoulder.

Ben raised his head and looked round slowl at the fear-stricken faces of the men who h urged him on to this horror, at the staring barm at the grave expression of the doctor, and, las at the waiting policeman.

He got up. He went blindly towards the do It opened. A woman, breathless with has rushed in.

She stopped dead at the sight of Ben's fa then ran forward and began to tug wildly at coat.

"It ain't true!" she cried. "Say it ain't t

She turned fiercely on the policeman, who h released Ben's arm and stepped back.

"What yer doing?" she cried. "What taking my Ben away for? My Ben kill a ma Why, he wouldn't hurt nobody."

"It's only an accident," somebody u "Don't ye take on, missis. He'll get off. can't give him nothing. He never meant . . .

She twisted round, quivering and despera Words fought for utterance, but they would come.

She turned again to Ben, who was mechanica trying to loosen her hands.

"They sha'n't take yer," she cried. "Th sha'n't take yer." And suddenly she broke do sobbing pitifully on his chest, her arms about h

But they did. And he got twelve months ha labour for manslaughter.

PUTTING UP A FRIEND.

"Great Scott! It's infernally late! And I lost my last train!"

This is a remark you've no doubt often he when you've been entertaining a chosen frien a social evening in your rooms; and hap installed before the fire, talking of many th you have not noticed the steady onward mar the clock. And it's then, of course, that you to put him up. You can easily make him shake-down in the drawing-room, you think. you find, on trying, that this is not easy at Probably your sitting-room hasn't a sofa in Most bachelors are satisfied with an easy c So that it ends in you or your friend making sh with an armchair and a rug.

But here is a good dodge that not everybo knows. Place the easy chair in a corner, alon side one wall. Then place two ordinary ch side by side in front of the large one and w their faces to the wall. Then enclose the wh with another ordinary chair at the extreme en and you will find that, preferably with the aid of rug or a sheet and blanket or two, this will ma quite a cosy improvised bunk.

THE "NERVY" MAN.

We all know the nervy man, and we are all sor for him. He is very highly strung, and his nerve are always on edge.

If you drop a book or any similar object whil he is working or reading close to you, he jumps though he had been stung, and the startled loo that leaps into his eyes makes you feel for moment like a criminal.

But don't run away with the idea that he i "funk-stick." There is a very big differen between nervousness and cowardice, and it is t failure on some people's part to grasp this differ ence that has resulted in much secret suffering o the part of thousands of nervous men.

Some of the pluckiest men alive are nervy m —men to whom physical fear is a thing unknown But, in many cases on account of their ner ness having become apparent at school, some opprobrious nickname may have been given the which has "stuck"—and hit them hard.

A BOXING STORY.

THE OLD 'UN

By W. B. HARTLEY.

A street in dingy Clerkenwell on a drizzling Saturday evening in mid-February. A hurrying, unsavoury crowd jostled and elbowed its way along the greasy pavement; street-organs, jangling out comic songs in strident competition, set up a semi-demoniacal pandemonium, and flaring naphtha lamps heightened the devilish effect of the scene.

But the old pugilist, standing alone at the corner of one of the darker streets off the main thoroughfare, was unmoved by the noisomeness of the surroundings. Among them he had spent his early days, before a passing fame had come his way; and now, battered, worn out, his day nearly done, he knew them again.

His thoughts were far away from them, however. He was wondering, with the strange mixture of bitterness and stoicism common to his class, what was going to become of him now. Of late years he had come down by easy stages to the expedient of earning a scanty living by fighting "exhibition bouts" before the camera, for biograph purposes; but now he realised sadly that even that was beyond him. Every biograph firm to which he applied for work of the kind had rejected him. "Sorry," they said, "but—too old." He was sixty-five—and homeless.

But what of that? he thought. Surely he, the man who had defeated big "Bull" O'Mara in a bloody contest with the raw 'uns on the outskirts of Paris, which had amazed and delighted the fighting world nearly thirty years before, was made of stuff too stern to whine when evil days came along. He didn't care. Something would turn up.

On the other side of the street voices rose in angry altercation—a man's and a woman's. A stream of shrill excited objurgation, foul oaths in a deep, throaty growl, then two or three thudding blows, and the woman went down.

The old fighting man took no notice. It was none of his interfering. That sort of thing was a happy event common to dwellers in Clerkenwell—especially on Saturday night.

"Stop! You cowardly devil!"

The words rang out in clear, youthful tones, and a youthful, if somewhat shabbily, dressed youngster sprang at the bully in a furious onslaught. The latter, surprised at first, pulled himself together, and the two went at it hammer and tongs. The woman's shrieking voice rent the surrounding darkness, crying "'Ow dare you strike my man?" With all her strength she rained blows upon the would-be champion. Straggling folk-by gathered into a gradually increasing crowd. There was every indication of an interesting scene.

But something seemed to tell the old pugilist that it ought to be stopped. Something about the fight interested him. He didn't want to see the boy hauled off to a police-station as the result of a street brawl. He walked over to the struggling pair and dragged the boy away.

"Come orf of it," he said. "You'd better get out of it."

"No, no!" panted the other, struggling. "Let me at him! I—he . . ."

"Come out of it, I tell yer," repeated the old 'un sternly, and hauled his rueful captive to a safe distance along the street. When they looked back the crowd had dispersed, and the man and woman had disappeared. Law and order, in the shape of a stalwart figure in blue, reigned solitary and supreme.

"D'yer see 'im?" said the boxer, indicating the retreating man. "In another two seconds 'e'd have killed yer. Fat lot o' good that 'ud ha' done yer, wouldn't it?"

The younger man looked, and he saw the force of the other's meaning.

"Yes, I understand," he said. "I'm very grateful to you for your friendly assistance."

"That's all right, my boy," said the old man, and he started to move off. "But always remember that in this part o' the world it's far wiser to keep out o' trouble unless you're absolutely cornered. Good-night."

He walked away, but he had not gone many yards when his newly-found friend's voice followed him. He turned back inquiringly.

"Will you come as far as my digs, and have a drop of whisky?" invited the other, pleasantly. "It's a cold night, and I shall be glad of company. Come along."

He took the oldster by the arm and led him off. A few minutes later the two were seated in a plainly-furnished sitting-room in a dingy square close to Rosebery Avenue. After pushing a chair towards the fire, the host produced a bottle and a couple of glasses.

"By the way," he said boyishly, "we don't know one another. My name's Tom Dacre ——," and he paused inquiringly.

"My name's Jem Baxter, sir," the old man said, in slow, almost shy, tones. "Perhaps—perhaps you may have heard of me."

The boy almost dropped the glasses in his excitement. "Jem Baxter," he repeated. "Not the great Jem Baxter, the fighting man?"

The old man nodded, smiling.

"Jem Baxter," he said. "The fighting man." He raised his glass. "Here's your health, sir."

"You don't shape badly with your fists," he continued thoughtfully, "a bit untutored-like, but I've seen worse. Ay, I've seen a lot worse. You've got the making of a good fighter in you. Where might you have learned, sir?"

Rather shyly, Tom told him that he had always been very keen on boxing ever since he left school, and that he belonged to the Cestus Amateur Boxing Club. In a couple of weeks, he said, he was to contest the final round of an amateur boxing tournament got up by various clubs in Clerkenwell. He was very keen on winning it.

"I hope yer will," said Jem. "Yer ought to stand a good chance in the ordinary way, but I'd like to see yer lose one or two very bad points yer've got," he mused. "I'd like to coach yer a bit."

Tom Dacre looked up quickly as the idea flashed through his head.

"Gad, so should I like it!" he exclaimed, his eyes shining. But quickly his face fell. "The thirty bob a week, though, that I get at the office hardly admits of lessons from Jem Baxter," he wound up ruefully.

Jem Baxter's gnarled old face twisted into a melancholy smile.

"I'm sixty-five," he said, "with no work, no money, and—and—no home. It wouldn't ruin yer."

Dacre looked at him with genuine concern.

"Good lord, is it as bad as that?" he muttered. Then he filled up his guest's glass again. "Tell me about it," he said. "Perhaps I might be able to help you."

So, as quickly as possible, Jem told his story—the old, pitiful story of the pugilist who has got past his prime, and sunk into oblivion, and obscurity, and want.

When he had finished, there was an excited light in Tom Dacre's eyes. He had struck an idea.

"Look here," he suggested, "will you come and put up with me until you've found something to do? I've not got very spacious quarters—apologetically—but my landlady will put another bed in my room. Then, perhaps, you wouldn't mind coaching me for a short time every evening, when I come home from work. Think it over. Is it a deal?"

For a moment Jem hesitated. He didn't think it was quite fair. But the allurements of a roof over his head and food to sustain him while looking for work at last overcame his scruples. "It's good of yer, sir," he said. "It's a deal. An' I'll teach yer my famous right-hand punch, the one wot I outed 'Bull' O'Mara wiv."

And so it was arranged.

During the nights that followed Jem Baxter was in his element. Regularly every evening, an hour or so after dinner, the two would clear the tiny sitting-room and don the gloves. Then the old fighting man would initiate Tom into the hidden mysteries of the "lead," "parry and counter," "side-stepping," "getting away," "rallying," and other important departments of the fistic art. Tom, he found, had a bad habit of turning his left toes inwards, but after a time Jem cured him of this, and he felt highly confident of his pupil's success. He had taught him, too, his right-hand punch.

But one thing was worrying the old man very seriously, though he did not say so to Tom; and this was that almost every evening when the latter came home from his work, he had a story to tell of some little mishap that had occurred to him. He had slipped on something greasy on the steps of the office, or somebody had jostled him off the pavement in a crowded street, a gang of young roughs had jeered at him and flung stones. To Tom these things suggested nothing, but to the old man they were of grave import.

For in his wanderings around Clerkenwell in search of employment he had learned many things. And one of them was that the final round of the boxing tournament was exciting considerable interest among the local Hooligan element, which was betting its money, practically to a man, on Tom's adversary. So he warned his pupil to be very careful during the daytime, and whenever Tom went out at night Jem Baxter was always with him.

At length the great night arrived, and as the two left the lodging-house on their way to the hall, Tom Dacre was in a high state of excitement, while Jem was quietly confident.

"Remember this," he said. "Don't be too eager. Don't force the fight. And if you see a chance, put in that right-hand punch."

The competitors' entrance to the hall was at the end of a long, dark alley, and when they came to this, Jem saw something that made his back stiffen and his fists clench involuntarily. For a short way down the alley, half-hidden in the blackness, was a gang of roughs of a particularly villainous type—and he knew that they meant business. He took Tom by the arm, and spoke to him earnestly.

"Keep by me until we get to those blokes," he said, "and then, not before, run like a redshank into the hall. Don't ask why. Just do as I tell yer."

Tom didn't like the idea of this at all, and he said so decidedly.

"No, I'm damned if I will——," he started; but the other stopped him peremptorily.

"Do as I tell yer," he said shortly, and taking Tom's arm strode forward.

As the pair neared the roughs, the latter made an ugly movement in their direction, but Jem scudded quickly past them and then, turning, placed himself

in such a position as to cover Tom's retreat. Then he faced the Hooligans savagely.

"Nah, then, yer ——s!" he growled. "If yer want anyfink, come on!"

Come on they did, and in a flash the air was thick with whirling belt-buckles. But, strange to say, not one of them managed to strike the old fighting man. Crack! and Jem smiled grimly as one of his assailants staggered back, whining, with a broken jaw. Thud! Another received the old ring-dog's right full in the ribs, and doubled up, gasping with agony. Then, one by one, the currish wretches sneaked off, until at last Jem was fighting with only one man, a burly ruffian whom he recognised to be cleverer with his fists than any of the others. Instinctively he felt that this man was to be treated with respect. So he feigned sudden exhaustion, and in a flash the other's left shot out. This was what Baxter wanted. Quick as lightning he ducked down, and simultaneously he swung his right with smashing force on the man's ear. His opponent dropped like a log.

But, as he fell, his belt, which he held in his right hand, swung round with the force of the backward fall, catching the veteran hard on the temple. But the old man chuckled happily as he mopped at the wound with his big red handkerchief, and started off towards the hall, where Tom was waiting for him.

"Great heavens, you're hurt!" exclaimed Dacre as Jem came up, for suddenly the old man staggered and fell. A little crowd of sympathisers helped him to his feet.

"It's nothing," said Jem. "Just a little weakness, that's all. I'm not as fit as I was. I'd have dearly loved to have watched your fight, my boy," he continued, "but I think I'd better go home and rest. No, no! Don't come with me," he interjected hastily. "P'raps somebody here 'll kindly see me home. But come back quick, Tom, and tell me you've won."

So Tom reluctantly went into the hall, and as Jem hobbled off, gently supported by two willing helpers, his weak old voice called back cheerily, "Tom, my boy, good luck to yer!"

* * * * * * *

In the shabby little bedroom, with a doctor by his side, the old fighting man lay unconscious.

At last he opened his eyes, and looked vaguely about him.

His mind wandered, and from time to time uneasy sentences escaped him.

"Tom," he murmured, "he oughter win. . . . If 'e keeps cool. Got a good right, 'e as. But 'e's 'asty. But . . . 'e oughter win. . . ."

Eager steps sounded on the stairs, and Tom rushed in excitedly.

"Jem, old friend," he shouted, "I won! I won!" Then he noticed the doctor's presence, and that the latter's hand was uplifted in warning. The words died anxiously from his lips, and he took a quick step forward.

The old man stirred, opened his eyes, and struggled up. He took Tom's hand, and shook it weakly.

"Yer've won, my boy, 'ave yer?" he said happily. "That's the ticket! I knew you would . . . I knew . . ."

He sank back, and his eyes grew dim again, then closed.

His lips moved feebly.

"'Bull' O'Mara!" he muttered, "I must beat 'im!"

"Hush!" said Tom, softly, to the wondering doctor. "He's—he's fighting his great battle over again."

"One more round!" whispered the old pugilist. "It's now or never."

Then the watchers' hearts beat faster, for, with a spasmodic action, Jem jerked himself up, and drew his right arm, powerful yet despite his years, backwards, and swung it out and round.

"Got him!" The words came in a fierce sigh. "The right-hand punch! 'Bull' O'Mara's . . . beat!"

Then he fell back; and the doctor, taking the old knotted hand in his, bent his head in silence.

Jem Baxter had fought his last fight.

MY NOTEBOOK.

MEETING ANOTHER EDITOR. Recently I was introduced to the editor of another weekly paper, and I asked him to come and have lunch with me.

I was particularly glad to meet him, because he is one of the few men who, like myself, have been able to establish in recent years a successful periodical without the assistance of the large publishing trusts.

When he came to my office I showed him a drawerful of photographs that had been sent to me by readers. He asked me what I was going to do with them, and I told him that I should have them framed in the same style as those that already adorned the walls of my office.

WHAT HE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND. "I cannot understand," he said, "why these people should send you their photographs. You don't offer any prize, and you don't even offer to reproduce a selection of them."

I explained that that was precisely the reason why I liked to possess these photographs. I offer no prizes, and I don't offer to reproduce my readers' portraits, and therefore I know that when they send them to me they do so out of pure friendliness. I explained this to him, but he did not understand.

"The thing is unprecedented," he said. "We get many photographs, but we hold out the bait of reproduction. I cannot see why readers should send photographs to you, and I cannot see why you want to frame them and hang them up in your office."

It is useless to argue with a man who has views like these. I told him that I regarded my readers as personal friends, and that I liked to have about me photographs of those for whose sake I was producing this paper. Then I turned the conversation on to another subject, for it was obvious that we could not see eye to eye in this matter.

I know that I did not convince that editor when I told him that I genuinely liked my readers.

From his point of view it was absurd that the proprietor of a paper should take a personal interest in those who bought his production. To him a reader was simply a person who purchased a copy of his paper. He was a good deal older than I am; he was very well satisfied with himself, and believed that his own methods were the only right ones, and, observing these things, I did not attempt to argue with him. I simply dropped the subject.

AT HOME. Now, as I sit writing these notes, the recollection of our meeting comes back to me.

It was in London that I met him, and it was at one o'clock. I was taking him to lunch, and I asked him where he would like to go, naming one or two places near at hand. The restaurant he chose was one popular amongst men in the journalistic and advertising fields, and one which for that very reason I personally dislike. During the meal and afterwards we discussed many points to our mutual advantage. It was all hard and prosaic business, and I believe that he found me a fairly competent business man.

But as I write, things seem different.

I am not writing in London, but in my own study at home. At my elbow a candle reading-lamp is casting sufficient illumination for my purpose. I have not drawn the blind, and the window seems very black, for the last lamp of the village, which stands at the corner of my house, has been turned out, it being now after one o'clock.

I am tired, and comfortably so, for I have only just returned from a ride in the dark. My leggings are splashed with mud, for the roads were dirty, and my boots are wet.

There is a "water splash" about a mile west of our village—a "water splash," by the way, is a thing I had never struck till I came to live in this part of the country; instead of bridging the road across a small stream, they have a playful habit of widening the stream across the road, so that it forms a sort of shallow ford.

Atholl has his own ideas as to the manner in which this ford should be taken. Sometimes he steps through it as if it did not exist, and at other times it requires my utmost persuasion to make him cross. To-night he was thirsty and wanted to drink, but I would not allow him to do so, for he was very hot.

I kept his head up, and, possibly in a spirit of revenge, he pawed the water with his forefeet and sent it splashing up till my boots were soaking; but I got him through finally.

The night was wild, with a perpetual drizzle and an occasional splash of actual rain; but we got through it eventually, and reached home without mishap and in spite of the fact that our village fathers have recently had our one and only street paved with some sort of asphalte which is extremely dangerous to horses in wet weather.

Dick is curled up on the sofa, encrusting the cushions with white hairs and with the mud from his feet and legs.

HAPPINESS. I am not a sensitive person, but I can conceive at such moments as the present what it is to be happy. I am tired sufficiently, and glad to be doing nothing harder than penning these lines, but I should not care to write them at this late hour if it were not that it is a pleasure for me to do so.

Several of my relatives have told me that I am a most dilatory correspondent, and I must confess that often many days elapse before I answer my private letters; the reason is that it is not an actual pleasure for me to answer them.

In writing these notes to you, however, I have somehow or another a keen satisfaction. I have put in a hard day's work, I have taken fairly strenuous relaxation after it, and now I am writing with a feeling of refreshment. I feel somehow or another that at this moment you and I are in perfect sympathy.

And yet the editor I met this morning wonders why it is that I care to possess the photographs of my readers.

OTHER REMINDERS. I possess something more from them than photographs. As I rode this evening, I was wearing a pair of gloves sent to me by a reader in Woodstock. He bestowed them on me with his best wishes, and with the information that he had made them himself, for he is in the trade. They are gloves with big seams that give you a grip of the reins, and another point in their favour is that they do not let the wet through if it happens to be a bad night.

I dined when I came home from London, but on returning from my ride I was fit for another snack, and enjoyed the plate of cold meat that had been left for me. I ate it with some pickles that had been sent to me by a Bournemouth reader who manufactures these things.

I suppose that the editor I spoke of would credit me with an elastic imagination if I told him that I got a pair of riding-gloves and a bottle of pickles from two different readers. I should not tell him so, because I dislike being disbelieved, but I mention it to you simply to show you the friendly spirit that exists between me and those for whom I conduct this paper.

I am glad to say the paper has been a success, but I am still more glad to know that while I am making money I am on such friendly terms with those who are supporting me.

It has been my endeavour to sweeten business life as far as possible, and to introduce, not only into the paper, but also into my own office, that feeling of good fellowship which my contributors and I have endeavoured to express in words.

After all, we only live once, and why should not life be pleasant? The way to make it so is to take a friendly view of mankind.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

A NIGHT HAWK.

A VILLAGE CHARACTER.

In no quarter does the downright scamp, the won't-work poacher, the pilferer, the general enemy of the community, receive so much sympathy and tacit encouragement as in the heart of the country.

It has just been my amusing lot to have many a cordial chat with such a man, and I have come to the conclusion that the reason why his fellow-villagers do not hound him from pillar to post, until he quits the confines of the village, is very largely because, underlying all his nefarious practices, there is a sporting instinct and an element of danger.

And the countryman admires all who possess the one and face the other. It is known to the whole countryside that "fly" George Hewitt is a rogue and a vagabond, that he never did a day's honest hard work since he left the village school—and then only at the point of the bayonet, or rather the school birch—and that from time to time he raids every fowlhouse, every allotment, every woodyard, and every cottage garden in the village during the course of the year.

Yet no man will raise a hand against him. This is partly, no doubt, because he escapes being caught red-handed, and is suspected, among the less sophisticated villagers, of being a sort of partner with the devil himself.

But there is another and a more obvious reason why George Hewitt is never haled before the local magistrates. He is the mildest-mannered of men. Indeed, to see him contemplating the cabbages in his own little cottage plot, one would have every excuse for thinking him almost "short," a little daft and silly.

Darkness inspires him to action. His eyes lose their indifferent stare and his face its stupidity. With the bats and the owls, the badgers and the marauding fox, he wakes to the realities of existence. At closing time he will walk ostentatiously over to his three-roomed hovel, and for half an hour a candle will shine from the tiny lop-sided upper window. Then the light is doused, and simple folk will say that George is in bed and out of mischief.

But George is already probably laughing at them from a point half-a-dozen fields away. He is at work. Stealing from the back of his garden he will drop noiselessly down the hedgeside to the disused quarry, now overgrown with brambles, and hollowed out with huge rabbit-burrows and foxes' earths.

From one of these hidden caves he draws out a sack, some wires, a knobbed stick, string, and other odds and ends that are handy in a variety of ways.

But George does not devote himself solely to poaching, indeed, a perpetual round of rabbit pie is not to his taste; and, moreover, man cannot live in comfort on rabbit pie alone. Coal, wood, vegetables, milk, honey, corn for his pigeons, flower-pots, garden-tools—all these and many more necessities have to be provided.

No tender chicken is safe, and he can take it by such surprise that there is hardly a flutter among its companions before it is twitching its last moments away inside his great pocket.

Indeed, no district is so terribly ridden by "foxes," and the local hunt pays away pounds to poultry-keepers for the loss of valuable birds that have never, in fact, felt the sharp teeth of Reynard. After a night's hard work George is not such a fool as to walk home laden with the spoils. He will secrete them, like a terrier burying a bone, until opportunity serves for their recovery. Having thus divested himself of incriminating possessions, he will join the high road beyond the village and make his way to one of the three market towns in the neighbourhood.

There, in the course of the morning, he will take good care to show himself to those who know him, and round about mid-day he will saunter casually back to his cottage as if he had slept soundly until an hour or two previously. Verily he is a gay deceiver.

M. BRUCE.

A MATTER FOR INQUIRY.

It was at an hotel in New York, and Sandy MacTavish was staying there.

Now, it happened that Sandy loved his parritch, and he was having them, or it, for his breakfast.

He had poured the contents of the cream-jug into his plate, and had stirred the parritch till it reached a consistency that was delectable to his eye.

Sandy sat looking at the dish, enjoying to the full the pleasure of anticipation. He smacked his lips and smiled contentedly.

There entered one of the usual Americans who figure in stories of this type of alleged humour.

He eyed Sandy, and he eyed the plate in front of him still more closely, and at last he spoke.

"I say, stranger," said the American, "have you eaten that little lot, or are you going to?"

AN OBVIOUS REASON.

Scotch history is taught in most Scotch Council schools. Possibly it fits the child victims to earn their living in after life, and possibly it doesn't; but that has nothing to do with this particular narrative.

The teacher was as much bored as anybody else, and she resorted to the usual wheeze of riveting the attention of her class by asking questions.

"And why," she said, "was Mary Queen of Scots born in Linlithgow?"

One tiny hand went up.

"Because," said its tiny owner, "her mither was staying there."

DIPLOMACY.

The two men were comparing notes concerning the presents they had made to a friend who had got married.

"He showed me his presents," said one, "and I noticed that you had given him a very nice pocket-comb. He seemed quite pleased with it, but it struck me you might have hit on something more suitable; you know as well as I do that he's as bald as a billiard-ball."

"That is precisely why I gave him a pocket-comb," said the other, "and that is probably why he wrote me such a grateful letter of thanks. My present inferred that I had never noticed that he was bald."

QUITE THE REVERSE.

A Frenchman was met by his friend at Victoria Station. They kissed one another on both cheeks, and did other stupid things that Frenchmen do.

"Did you have a good journey coming across?" asked the friend anxiously. "And have you had lunch?"

"*Ah, mais non, monsieur;*" was the answer. "*Au contraire!*"

CHIP CARVING.

A PLEASANT AND INEXPENSIVE HOBBY.

Chip carving is a most fascinating pursuit for those whose tastes lie in an artistic as well as a useful direction.

It is one of the least expensive of all hobbies, for it needs neither workshop nor tool chest.

It can be carried on in the family sitting-room or even in one's bed-room, for it makes very little litter and no noise.

It differs from wood-carving proper as much as it does from fretwork. Its chief distinguishing feature is that the work is done in notches, and all the outfit that is needed consists of one simple tool, which can be easily procured, and which costs only a matter of pence.

Of course, an ambitious novice with plenty of cash to spare can purchase more expensive paraphernalia; it is possible to get an edition de luxe of even workmen's tools; but really this one tool, which may briefly be described as having a wooden handle like a chisel, and a curved steel blade, extra sharp, is all that the chip carver requires.

Some amateurs of my acquaintance have used a very sharp ordinary knife, but it is not so easy to work with, though I see no reason why a serviceable tool should not be made at home if the amateur has any knack in the manufacture of makeshifts.

As for the wood which is best for chip carving, it largely depends on what the article is to be.

The easiest to work on is, of course, soft wood, such as pine, and this is eminently useful to the novice to learn on.

The best, so far as appearances go, is oak.

If the article is to be fashioned into a jewel-box or a tobacco-jar, fancy woods, such as white sycamore or satinwood, look well; and both of these are easy to cut and work on. It is purely a matter of taste, and the amateur has a good range of woods to choose from.

As regards the design, a geometrical one is the simplest, and it lends itself especially to chip carving. A star and a triangle are easy to cut, and the notches can be large and bold; but foliage and blossoms or fruit treated naturally can be used with pleasing effect, though they require a greater degree of skill and labour.

Care should be taken not to cut too deep.

In cutting the notches, they ought to be made on the slant.

Now for the finishing of whatever article the amateur has been engaged on.

If the wood is oak, it need only be oiled and afterwards polished, though nothing really looks better than fumed oak.

In the case of a white wood, it can be stained and varnished.

There is yet another way of finishing the object of the chip carver's attention, and that is to paint it any colour liked, and then pick out the notches in gold.

T. SELLING.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE SLEEPING POSITION.

Sleep plays almost as important a part as exercise in the development and maintaining in health of the body. If it is not indulged in properly, sleep, or the lack of it, may have a negative effect on the health which will undo the effects of any amount of physical culture.

Eight hours sleep a night should be the aim and object of every man. It cannot always be achieved, but time that you "save" by docking it off your eight hours in bed is just as much lost as time that you spend in bed beyond that amount.

Every hour of sleep before midnight is worth two after that time, and, as with most old saws, there is more sense than one is usually prepared to admit in the proverb:

> Early to bed and early to rise
> Makes a man healthy, and wealthy and wise.

After midnight there is a change in the magnetic currents, which affect the body more than is generally supposed. Many scientists state that the head of the bed should be towards the north, and that this will have a considerable effect on the obtaining of a good night's rest, especially if the system be a sensitive or nervous one.

I do not pretend to give the explanation, which, no doubt, would not sound convincing even if I could state it properly. But the fact is worth noting, if more than one position of the bed in your room is possible.

But it is not only the position of your bed that matters. The position of your body in the bed is also important.

The best position for sleep is on the right side—which is the one to which most men turn naturally.

The reason is simple. Lying on the left side is likely to interfere with the proper working of the heart, and this is especially harmful if there is undigested food in the stomach.

The legs should be extended naturally, and not drawn up to the body, and the arms should be either folded or in a natural position in front of the body—neither underneath the side nor the head.

The shoulders should be kept as level as possible, and care should be taken that sleeping on the side does not tend to make one shoulder higher than the other.

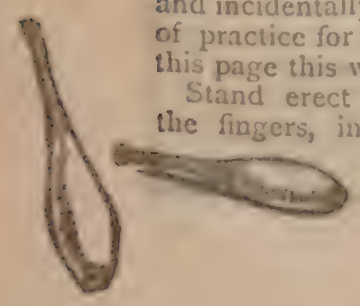
The only remedy for this is sleeping on the back, but this is to be avoided, since it keeps the spine at too high a temperature, and tends to weaken the nervous system. It is also liable to make one snore, for there is a tendency to open the mouth.

It is hardly necessary to add that in sleep the breathing should be done through the nose, the mouth being kept closed.

FOR THE ARM MUSCLES.

An excellent, yet simple, resistance exercise for the arm muscles is that depicted in the sketch, and incidentally it will be extremely useful by way of practice for the trick which I am including in this page this week.

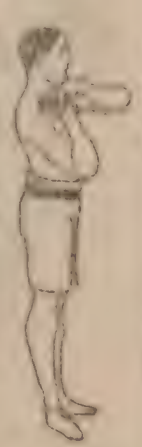
Stand erect and clasp the hands, interlacing the fingers, in front of the chest, keeping the elbows as close to the sides as possible.



Now press steadily, and with all the vigour you possess, with the left hand against the right, in such a way that the right wrist is bent back.

Continue the pressure so that the right forearm is forced over to the right and the elbow brought into the side. This will cause the left elbow to rise until the forearm is horizontal.

When it reaches this position, the pressure should be relaxed, the arms returned to their original position, and the right arm exerted in turn against the left.



An exercise that develops by resistance.

Practise the exercise two or three times with each arm, and do not forget to exert the muscles of *both* arms at the same time. The exercise is worthless unless the resistance is a real fact, and unless the arm that is pressing experiences as much opposition as if it were being exerted against somebody else.

The muscles, not only of the wrist, hand and forearm, but also of the upper arm, will be greatly developed by the regular practice of this exercise.

A TEST OF STRENGTH.

This amusing little trick can be practised at any odd moment when you can get a friend to take you on. If neither of you have tried it before, it will probably resolve itself into a simple trial of strength of arm and wrist between the two of you.

But there is a knack in it, and if you know that, a very little practice will enable you to come out on top every time.

Stand face to face with your friend and interlace your fingers as shown in the sketch, so that the backs of your hands are uppermost, and the hands level with the chest.

Largely a matter of knack.

Now each must endeavour to force the other to the ground by simple pressure of the wrists.

By merely exerting your strength steadily, you will probably come to a deadlock and neither will be able to get the advantage over the other.

Quickness and trickery, however, will enable you to force your man down. Immediately on the word "go," force his knuckles straight so that he has no leverage over you. In this way you make him practically powerless to use his finger and wrist muscles, while you can use yours to the fullest advantage.

If your opponent is strong enough to prevent you getting him down at the first onslaught, lift his hands up and let him come towards you. Then with a sudden movement of the wrists force his hands down and he will be thrown off his balance.

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A PLEASANT WAY TO FITNESS.

A SEASONABLE HINT.

There are wonderful things to be seen just now, even in the streets of the town. There are a few weeks in the year which alone can give a man the experiences of which I write, and March is of all months the time to enjoy these things.

For March is a time when two seasons meet, and the meeting of seasons—like the meeting of rivers and the meeting of roads and the meeting of friends—means that strong influences are made stronger, and feelings intensified. Just now there is infinite enjoyment for a man, whatever his work and wherever he may be, in the very simple process of walking home from work.

Now I never by any chance walk to my work. For one thing I am fond of bed once I am comfortably there; and for another thing I am equally fond of a good breakfast, a browse over the paper, preferably before my own fire, and a leisurely smoke, before setting out for the office.

These things cannot be enjoyed to the full if I have to start three-quarters of an hour earlier because I want to walk three miles of the journey into town.

I leave walking to business, therefore, to those who seem able to leave their beds without a struggle and without any lingering last curl-up and a final doze. These punctual clockwork souls are the backbone of the nation I know, but I think they miss a good deal of what is best in life.

But leaving this disputations subject let me say that, though I seldom walk to business, I invariably walk home, or at least some miles of the way. And in the process I derive an infinite amount of pleasure.

At this season of the year, when March is sometimes winter, sometimes spring, I find the most delightful recreation in strolling through the streets at my leisure.

The principal factor in my enjoyment is the lengthening day. Being, by force of circumstances, regular in my movements, I can always count upon being free at a certain time, and by a little interesting observation I can appreciate every minute that is added to daylight every day or the week.

But the greatest pleasure is to walk from daylight into dusk, from dusk into darkness, and every step conscious of the gradually rising tide of life in all the earth around. To see a smoke-grimed crocus glowing in a patch of soot London grass beneath an elm tree is not the least of the pleasures of such walking.

The mind outruns the season and carries one into the middle of summer, and all the unridden rides that you are going to take unroll themselves in a perfectly engrossing programme. When the road widens, and gardens begin to stretch both before and behind the houses, and tall trees have been left by the builders of an earlier day, it is as bracing as a dive into water to hear the spring gale swishing through the branches.

If you have studied the music of the wind and wood you will hear a subtle difference between the song of the spring gale, and the shriek of the winter wind, which is almost as keen "as man's ingratitude." In the spring gale there is a soft music, an undertone of richness from which you can easily construct the full sound of a summer breeze through the leaves.

Walking along at one's own pace, neither pulled by duty nor pushed by hunger or weariness to get home, the March evening will provide ample compensations for the extra time involved in walking.

The dusty accumulations of the day can be shaken off; the head cleared of facts and figures and worries and aches; and, above all, the muscles will be gradually brought back from the slight flabbiness that so many of us cannot avoid when winter and its restricted opportunities for out-door life keep us too often to the pavement and the club, the theatre and the restaurant.

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3070	24	0	0
3546	47	0	0
4585	35	0	0
5430	30	0	0
5443	17	11	0
6307	21	7	8
6355	8	0	0
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8563	39	15	0
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3905	8	0	0
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49.

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SOME HINTS FOR TOWN DWELLERS.

Roof-gardens are common enough in America, and there are several big business establishments and hotels which have these delightful additions both in London and the provinces, but very few people go to the trouble of providing themselves with a flowery retreat on the leads, either from want of imagination or sparsity of ideas.

To begin with, the roof must of course be a flat one, no amount either of labour or skill will convert a sloping slate roof into a garden.

AN ACTUAL EXAMPLE.

The writer was shown over a roof-garden not so long ago right in the heart of a big manufacturing town, and the work was all done by a man in his spare time.

It was not a large space, but it was well worth the climb and gymnastic agility required to hoist oneself through the trap-door on to the leads to see it.

It was a little Eden among the chimney pots, and it did its owner credit.

Boxes and shallow tubs formed the beds, and these were filled with all sorts of hardy flowers and shrubs.

I came down from that roof-garden convinced that it was possible to grow flowers anywhere.

But supposing that the roof is not available for a garden, in nearly every house there is a flat space, usually over the scullery, and accessible from the staircase window or back bedroom. Then the would-be roof-gardener has his opportunity.

Get some old boxes, fill them with good mould, and place them round the edge of the roof. These can be planted either with cuttings or roots, such as daisies, pansies, gillyflowers, or if time is no object sow liberally with seeds.

Nasturtiums, sweet peas, and other climbers will do well if a bit of wire-netting is nailed to upright bars of wood, so as to form a support for them.

It is best to stick to hardy flowers, and not to go in for the delicate varieties, as these latter run into a good deal of money. Dwarf nasturtiums look well, and are less trouble than the climbers.

THE DIFFICULTY OF WATERING.

In addition to the boxes, pots of flowers and ferns can be placed at intervals, and these are always easy to renew if anything should happen to them.

The most awkward part of a roof-gardener's work is, of course, the watering, for this entails a considerable amount of labour in carrying up cans of water.

Some vegetables may be grown as well, if the gardener wishes. Mustard and cress is always a good stand-by for the amateur, whether his garden be on the roof of the scullery or in the back-yard, and by means of a glass shade and a little cocoa-nut matting when frosts are about, tomatoes and cucumbers can be cultivated with a measure of success; but they require much care and attention.

Lettuce will grow from seed, and so will radishes with very little trouble.

D. Burnley.

A HINT TO WALKING MEN.

It often happens that when a man starts out on a long-distance walk—not necessarily a race, but perhaps a pleasure tour—he will find himself in a time suffering acutely with his feet.

This is because his boots have started to chafe him, and, strangely enough, very few men know the simple expedient for dealing with this trouble. Some, indeed, are foolish enough to prick the blisters on their feet, with the result that their pain grows more excruciating than ever.

The thing to do is to rub the heels and soles of your socks, inside and out, with soap. Then, if the boots are not actually too tight—and few sensible men buy them that way—the chafing will soon die down.

This is a hint which may be of service to sportsmen of all kinds—and especially to the footballer. And it might be worth while to more than one Territorial to bear it in mind.

WHY THE BUSINESS MAN IS KEEN.

The question, "Which is the keenest sportsman of us all?" is a very easy one to answer. The business man, of course. Watch him, every Saturday of his life, rushing away, football-bag, hockey-stick, fishing-rod, or what not in hand, from the grinding, toilsome City streets, until he reaches the pleasant open fields, and gives himself up to happiness. The alertness with which he will jump up as the train steams into his station, and the eager gleam in his eye as he lifts his treasures from the rack and gets out, are sufficient testimony to his immeasurable keenness.

But why is he so keen? Perhaps it is because in business hours even the slightest of his sporting instincts must be ruthlessly stifled. Newsboys' shouts in the street of "Half-time Scores!" or "Test Match! Close of Play!" must leave him cold. The band of a Territorial regiment marching past must not cause him even to raise his head. In working hours he must be—a machine.

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

FAIR PLAY.

THE SPORTING ELEMENT IN BUSINESS.

As this paper is essentially a sporting one, it may not be out of place for me to discuss the element of fair play in business.

The average Englishman is a lover of fair play in everything, and, as it is upon the average Englishman that the tradesman depends for his income, it is as well for him to recognise this fact.

A trader may consider himself clever by doing what he calls a bit of smart practice, but if the public to whom he appeals perceives in his action any element of unfair play, it is he and not his opponent who is going to be the loser. There is no more fatal mistake that a man can make than to set up a shop in rivalry to his next door neighbour.

The customer does not always think why he does so, but his action is none the less definite; he leaves the new shop entirely alone and goes to the older trader, against whom he considers an unwarranted blow has been levelled. The shopman who has set himself up in rivalry generally says that the place is far too conservative for his methods; he does not realise that it is the public sense of fair play that has been violated.

The element of fair play is evident in all the transactions of the wise business man. He does not, for example, ask a clerk to stay late without paying him overtime for his trouble. It is the same sense of fair play that makes the employee stand by his chief in times of business stress.

I fear that I introduce shopkeeping very frequently in discussing business topics, but I do so because it furnishes one with many useful illustrations. After all, every business man is, in a sense, a shopkeeper, for all men in commerce are buyers or sellers, and generally both. To take another shopkeeping example, I might mention the stupidity of certain tradesmen in dealing with their customers.

Suppose that you are buying a present for someone, and that you are not quite certain whether it would be exactly to their liking or not. You go into a shop and ask to see something that you imagine will suit, and eventually you make a purchase; but you stipulate that in the event of your friend not caring for it, or already possessing such an article, you are to have it exchanged.

In most cases the shopman will readily acquiesce to such a suggestion. He will give you the impression that, far from being a trouble, he will regard an exchange almost as a personal favour to himself.

It is a very different matter when you bring the article back. The chances are that the shopman who serves you this time is not the man who served you last. When you mention the matter of an exchange he looks at you frigidly, and even casts doubts as to whether the article was ever purchased at that establishment.

It would not be necessary to point out the stupidity of this method of treating customers if it were not so common. The shopman who is making an exchange is not adding to the day's takings, but he is carrying out an obligation into which his firm entered, and it is common-sense for him to do so pleasantly. When he is fool enough to be nasty about it, he merely establishes in the mind of the customer a firm resolve that he will not again on any account patronise that shop, for he feels that in being unpleasant, even through their servant, the firm has not been playing fair.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

GUARANTEES.

Let me make it clear to readers that any firm which guarantees results, or, in fact, guarantees anything is to be avoided.

No firm can guarantee results in a speculation.

But a reader may say: "If they give me a guarantee I can get my money from them.

Can you! Try. In any case, let us examine one such guarantee I have seen.

"Capital and profits guaranteed." This is the way it is often done. The dealer has previously bought up an old company with, say, 100,000 shares, for which he has paid, say, a farthing each. He tells you on the expiration of the prescribed period that all is lost on the special deal, but, as he guaranteed capital and profit, he gives you a signed transfer for a hundred, or as many shares as the sovereigns you have lost.

The shares are "duds."

So you see it seems a guarantee, but it isn't.

RUBBER SHARES.

There is a boom in rubber shares, and the usual madness prevails.

Foolish inconsequent people are hypnotised, and any rubber share spells gold to them. The day of disillusion will come, of course.

Meanwhile, a word or two in season to those who have not lost their heads and can still listen to advice. It isn't the last word of advice, but a preliminary caution.

Beware of new flotations of plantations which cannot produce for some time. Choose the shares of an established company which is regularly harvesting rubber and has good prospects of harvests. A good tip in my opinion which fulfils these conditions is Vallambrosa (the Vallambrosa Rubber Co., Ltd.).

J. B. (Durham).—The bank you name is able to pay a higher rate of interest than ordinary banks because they take greater risks in employing the money at their disposal. I do not say that a deposit with them would be unsafe, but you must remember that the higher the interest the greater the risk.

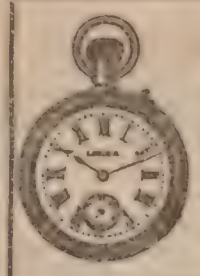
INSURANCE.—W. S. V. (Ashton-on-Mersey).—I should advise you to address your question to some newspaper which makes a feature in insurance queries. I might give you my opinion, but would rather you have that of an authority on insurance matters.

F. P. (Portsmouth).—(1) I should not recommend you to do any business with the firm you name. No firm can guarantee what you say they do. They may seem to guarantee it, but, when investigated, you would find that the guarantee is worth nothing. (2) Good for anything. (3) Do not advise you to have any dealings with them.

Mrs. E. S. (Kingston).—Cannot recommend any of the firms you name.

ELM (Brighton).—(1) Good. (2) About 2½ per cent. (3) I believe they offer 5 per cent. See answer to "J. B."

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.



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THE KING OF KNAVES

By E. WADE LANG.

XIII. THE DEVIL TO PAY.

It was at the theatre that it first began. Mrs. Anstruther was in the box exactly opposite ours, and she smiled most sweetly upon Ferris when the lights went up for the first interval. Her manner had, indeed, been most honeylike towards him whenever they had chanced to meet lately, and rumour was rife that she had set herself to add him to her list of "successes."

I was standing up, disposed for a smoke, but Ferris kept his seat, sweeping his eyes over the stalls and nodding here and there.

"A dull play," said he, referring to his programme. "Do you see who is opposite?"

"The conjunction of remarks is hardly complimentary to her," said I. "Don't you feel like a cigarette?"

"Did you catch sight of the man with her before he went out?" he proceeded, glancing up casually.

"No; who was he?" I asked.

"Frankau, the money-lender. He's had his glasses trained on me nearly all through the act. I had to think before I remembered. Then my heart jumped."

"Not the man I went to see on behalf of Max?"

"The man also that I have driven several hard bargains with, he as receiver and myself as vendor of stolen property."

"Whatever brings him here with——"

"Exactly," interrupted Ferris. "She's watching. Don't betray anything unusual. Yes, I didn't know he knew her, or that he was even on the fringe of her set. It may mean everything; it may mean nothing."

"But you always dealt with him disguised," said I, miserably.

"Of course I did," said he, "as a flash Cockney with an accent you could break off in chunks. But as it happens, I went to him with the Stembridge necklace, and that, after all, was a job which could only have been brought off by a gentleman. I saw a flash of understanding in his cunning old eyes even as he handed over the money.

"Add to that the fact that Mrs. Anstruther first pinched the necklace, and that I pinched it from her, also that she probably discovered that my room was next to hers down at Braithwaite Hall, with a verandah communicating, and it certainly looks as though they have guessed something, even if they don't know much. There's no cause, however, for immediate alarm."

That may have been true then, but it was soon to become otherwise, for scarcely had the curtain dropped on the second act than a message came from Mrs. Anstruther, asking Ferris to go and speak to her.

He smiled his acquiescence across and got up at once. Following his glance, I saw that Frankau had once more left her alone.

"Don't sit there eyeing us," warned Ferris, in passing. "Go and have a drink."

I went into the passage after him and caught his sleeve.

"What does it mean if they do know?" I asked rapidly. "They're neither of them clean-handed enough to dare give us away."

He turned, a little steely-eyed.

"Blackmail," he said, "which is another word for hell on earth."

When next I saw him he was sitting close to Mrs. Anstruther; the lights were down; the last act had begun.

Deep down in my mind was beginning to stir a wonder as to whether *our* last act was beginning too.

Then I saw Ferris rise and his companion follow suit. He preceded her to the door, stood aside, and both passed out of my sight.

I watched what was taking place on the stage, though with eyes that saw nothing, and presently I was aware that Ferris had silently returned and was standing behind me.

"All right," he said, quietly. "We'll see it through."

"The play?" I queried, turning round and endeavouring to read the subtle cynicism on his face.

"What else?" said he.

And he spoke no other word until we were out on the pavement waiting for our hansom.

"Where now?" said I.

"Supper at Levy's; then on to the Barlow's crush as arranged."

I breathed easier, partly because of his normal voice, and partly because the social function where we were due was being given by friends for whom Ferris had a particular respect, and he would be scarcely likely to go there if arrest were imminent.

He was his cheerful self over supper at the quiet restaurant he had selected.

Not until the meal was over did he become communicative, and then he was brief enough.

"Blackmail it was," said he, exhaling a cloud of smoke and waving it away with his hand, "and blackmail of a quite uncommon kind. The woman wants me to marry her."

"Good Lord!" said I.

"To save me, so she sympathetically suggested. Frankau is her uncle, and would on those terms withhold what he has ingeniously guessed."

"But you haven't consented!" I exclaimed in dismay.

"Refused point-blank."

Ferris laughed softly.

"Then I saw her with much cordiality into her carriage, and off she went."

"Furious and threatening, I suppose?"

"No; smooth as castor oil, and about as unpleasant."

"Where do you think she has gone? To the police?"

"That would lose her everything and benefit her nothing. I imagine she will try further persuasion before that, pestering me, day in, day out, until I capitulate out of sheer weariness."

"She must be an extraordinary woman," said I.

"She is. Talked of getting me into the Cabinet in two years and making me Prime Minister in ten. Burke, these women who fancy they can mould men to the shape they like are diverting creatures in their way, but they must be devilish hard to live with. Anyhow, it's a quality of stoicism that I'm quite incapable of."

"Then what are you going to do?"

Ferris looked at his watch, and stood up.

"I'll tell you to-morrow," he answered. "At present I'm going to the Barlow's. To be happy, Burke, you must take short views."

"That may be," said I. "But you're not happy, and you know it."

His mask of unconcern dropped for a moment, and he spoke with a gravity unusual in him.

"From the toils of the law," said he, "I can keep free without much difficulty, but from the net of a woman's wit may the gods deliver me."

"Amen," said I.

II.

Ferris's star was surely in the descendant that night, for the very first person we saw on entering the Barlow's ball-room was Mrs. Anstruther herself.

In the centre of a knot of men, she was looking radiantly beautiful in black, with gems sparkling on her throat and in her hair, but she left her friends on seeing Ferris, and sailed forward with a triumphant smile.

At the same moment Miriam Barlow, a slip of a girl, whose only attraction was a certain frank impulsiveness, was advancing, and Ferris turned quickly to her, a laughing greeting on his lips.

Mrs. Anstruther, a yard away, found herself squandering her smile on a deliberately presented back. She paused for a fractional instant, her eyes flashing fire, then swept by, crimson to the roots of her hair.

Inwardly I cursed Ferris for this deliberate provocation of an enemy, and repeated it openly as soon as I could get a quiet word with him.

"Let her go to the devil," he replied, with sudden savagery.

And for the next hour he devoted himself almost entirely to Miriam Barlow, dancing with her, flirting with her most outrageously in a shaded recess, and avoiding Mrs. Anstruther like the plague.

Then he sought me out and said we would go.

In the cab homewards he was unpleasantly taciturn, and snapped at me when I ventured to suggest that his recent behaviour would only serve to precipitate a crisis.

"That's exactly what I want," he said. "I never believe in dodging the inevitable."

"Then the game's up?" said I.

"It is. I'll answer now your question of a little while ago. I'm going to bolt—and so are you. Not that there's any need for panic or an exit of undignified haste. You are going to catch the Continental express to-morrow—or rather, as it is, four a.m., this evening—bound for that retreat already arranged. There you had better lie low for a while, then I think another dose of wandering will be good for your health. South America is safest, and there's always enough going on there to keep you from expiring of *ennui*."

"But you'll come with me?" I protested.

He shook his head.

"No, no, Burke. I've done you enough harm as it is. You've been a strong, loyal pal, the sinless partner of the firm, and I want it to end while it is so."

I continued to protest, strenuously, angrily, but he cut me short, putting his hands on my shoulders and shaking me affectionately.

"The world's small," he went on, "and maybe I shall hit across you in the wilds somewhere. But it won't be as Ferris—he dies before the day is out."

I wrenched round to him again in fear.

"In name only, Burke. Bless you, you Irishman, I'm not bowed down under any remorse. This is simply a sensible acceptance of events. Now get along to bed. To-morrow—to-day—I shall change your identity sufficiently to enable you to make the journey in safety. Good-night."

He was crushing my hand in his grip, but I pulled it free and pushed him into a chair, swearing that we would have our last night together convivially.

And I am glad to remember that we did.

The dawn found us with the ash trays piled high, the fire dead in the grate, but our tongues still going; and so it went on until broad day.

Then we bathed and went out into a sunny morning to do the round of the clubs.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we were back, and Ferris was in my rooms making sure that no incriminating papers were left about. I was to take no luggage, save the five thousand in bank-notes that Ferris had insisted on handing to me, and the rooms were to be left exactly as usual.

Then we went below to Ferris's flat.

There was a note on his table, left by one of the servants of the mansions, and after reading it he passed it to me, his eyes twinkling. It said that a lady named Mrs. Anstruther had called twice during the morning.

After that Ferris became brisk, and I awoke to the fact that perhaps after all our delay had been dangerous.

It was nearly seven o'clock when my transformation was complete, and my train from Victoria left at seven-forty.

"I'm feeling in a wretched funk," I told him, as he stepped back to survey me, satisfaction in his face.

"Not you," said he. "Look!" He drew back the curtains of the window. "An evening of dense fog. Don't you recall it was on such a night as this that we resumed acquaintance? It's been a splendid time, taking it all in all, hasn't it, old Irishman?"

"Yes," I agreed nervously. "But let's start."

"A final bottle together first." He was already stooping at the sideboard, and in another minute we were clinking glasses.

"To our future honour," said Ferris, with mock seriousness.

"To more merry days," said I heartily, and drank.

But Ferris had not drunk. His glass had paused half-way.

And the next moment I was in a quiver of excitement. The door at the end of the passage had closed with a bang, and feet were approaching.

"Remember you're not Burke," whispered Ferris.

In another moment our door was flung open, to reveal on the threshold a short, stern-faced elderly man, and behind him two other men of a type only too familiar.

"Ah, Inspector Weston," said Ferris cordially. "What's on now? Another sensational burglary in the neighbourhood!"

"I think you know well enough, Mr. Ferris," replied Weston, with a sharp glance at me.

"I'm afraid I don't," he answered.

"Then I can soon enlighten you. But this gentleman——"

"Yes; let me introduce him—Doctor Maltravers. Maltravers, this is Inspector Weston, of Scotland Yard. Is the business private, Inspector? If so, you'd better go, Maltravers."

"What's all this about, Ferris?" I demurred. "There's nothing wrong, is there?"

"That's a question only Weston can answer. Is there anything wrong?" he repeated, innocently.

"There is," was the brusque reply, "and your friend may as well hear it, because if he doesn't to-day he will to-morrow. Mr. Ferris, I'm sorry to say that I hold a warrant for your arrest on several charges of burglary. I must warn you that anything you may say may be used——"

"Rubbish, Weston. What the devil are you talking about? This is preposterous."

I stepped towards Ferris to take my stand beside him, as the detective drew a paper from his pocket, but he waved me back.

"Wait a moment, Weston," said Ferris, quickly. Then he turned to me. "I say, Maltravers," he said with a rueful smile, "it seems the business is private. Do go, there's a good fellow."

"But this is awful," said I, refusing to obey, but trying to keep up. "You surely cannot be serious, Inspector. Why, my friend Ferris is a gentleman. The father——"

"Yes, yes," was the testy interruption. "We know all about that, and it's for that reason we've been so long running him to earth."

He turned to the men standing passively behind him.

"Do your duty."

"Wait!" cried Ferris. Then he added, with great reproachful courtesy. "You surely cannot mean to subject me to the humiliation of handcuffs? At least withdraw your men for a moment or two and let me have a last word with Maltravers."

"I'm sorry," said Weston drily; "but now that I've got you I'd prefer not to let you out of my sight."

"Trust me, have you?" said Ferris, echoing him in a peculiar tone of elation.

"Now, then, none o' that!" cried Weston, springing forward.

But too late. With a sudden movement Ferris had tilted the table over in his path, stepped back a pace—then I saw his arm shoot up and down again. There was a sharp report, a small leap of flame, and a blinding volume of smoke.

"After him!" yelled Weston, throwing himself forward and falling headlong. A door banged—the bedroom door—and I heard it locked.

"Oh, God!" I cried, dreading suicide, and in two strides I was at the door, pushing at the handle with all my might.

Weston rapped out a sharp command.

"Break it in!"

But as he said it, the door gave way, the lock having yielded.

Weston and his two men darted into the room, with me after them. The window was wide open, with the fog from outside wafting in like fine smoke.

Weston cast a look round the room and swore.

"An iron ladder outside. He's got two minutes' start. Quick!"

He sprang through, with the two detectives after him. I stuck my head out to watch agonisedly. The form of the last disappeared into the heavy bank of mist.

Fingers dug into my arm and a voice hissed into my ear.

"You fool! Why don't you clear while you've got the chance?"

It was Ferris.

A glance behind him showed that after opening the window he must merely have gone into the bathroom.

"Come," he said. "Nerve now, if never before! We're going downstairs at a steady pace."

He was drawing me along the passage. His coat was on, with the collar turned up to the ears.

I knew that the rear of the mansions gave out on a side street. But was there time?

I should have taken those two flights of stairs in as many strides had not Ferris kept an iron hold of my wrist.

We strolled out of the hall into a sea of fog. Oh, that merciful fog!

Sharp to the right, still steadily, and across the street. To the left into a denser saffron, along now more rapidly, again to the right, and Ferris spoke.

"You'll just catch your train," he said.

"By heaven, I won't go now," I answered, breathlessly.

"Yes, you will." His tone was low, menacing. "Left alone I can get away now, but not with you on my back. There's Victoria Station right ahead. No words, now."

"But you! Are you *sure*——?"

"You mean those bats? Did you see how they went for the window? That's a criterion of their intelligence."

A brief pause.

"Good-bye," I said with a swallow.

I felt for and found his hand.

"It's a clear course," said he. "Promise me you'll do your best to win through."

"It's a promise—if you'll do the same."

"I will—and I shall. Good luck, old chap."

I could just faintly discern his face in the gloom. Was it real—or was it fancy—that his eyes shone wet?

I know mine did.

THE END.

[*Our new series of complete stories, "Tom Burgess, Horseman," starts on page 7 this week.*—EDITOR.]

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

R. P. (Eastleigh).—Everything seems to point to your making a success in the Colonies, but under the circumstances you mention we don't advise you to emigrate. You say you have an old mother who depends on you and who wants you to stay here. Stick by her, old sport; there are some men who would give all the world to have a mother to work for; a mother is one of those things of which there is never a second edition.

C. F. E. (Warrington).—You admit that it is only recently that you have been in a position to afford all the clothes you want, and you ask our advice as to the disposal of the old togs. Give 'em away, but remember to keep some for knocking about in; even the best dressed man has an old suit that he treasures and occasionally wears.

W. W. (Stocksbridge).—Stick to your job. The man who told you it was easy to get a billet aboard ship was pulling your leg.

C. V. RAY, c/o Regina P.O., Sask, Canada, offers to give any information in his power to readers who contemplate going to that colony; he is a member of the League, and, as far as we can judge from his letters and photo, one of the best.

R. S. (Ealing).—To print a table of contents would mean, for most of our readers, half a column of wasted space. We have none to spare, especially now that our advertisers are encroaching so seriously on our literary space. We shall have to enlarge the paper one of these days.

J. I. CLARK, Eastfield, Laurieston, Falkirk, wants to correspond with readers in Londonderry.

A. L. (Leeds).—You want stories about the Navy as good as our Kernahans. Find a naval Garratt and we'll buy his work.

A. R. (Aberdeen).—In taking up running, the great thing is to be careful not to overtax your strength. Take things easily at first. You will soon see whether you are best at sprinting or long-distance work. Join the Aberdeenshire Harriers; they are good sports.

J. C. (Sheerness) informs us—and our correspondent, "F. H." (Kingsbridge), particularly—that a skilled watchmaker has splendid chances in the Army. "He will," he says, "commence his real soldiering as a full-blown staff-sergeant. He should write to the O.C., Army Ordnance Corps, Red Barracks, Woolwich."

H. S. (Bilston).—You are certainly allowed to have light boots for walking out in, but they must not have toe-caps on them. This is one of the military rules.

R. D. (Lowestoft).—You should always wear a wing collar or a military one with evening dress. A double collar is not correct.

P. H. (Margate).—As you say you get a number of postage stamps both English and foreign, why not save them and turn them to account? Most charitable institutions are glad of them, provided you have a few thousand. We advise you to keep them in a large box and send them to your nearest hospital once a year. They can realise a considerable amount on a large quantity.

S. G. (Swansea).—You can dispose of your roller-skates by advertising them in our Readers' Sale and Exchange column.

R. B. D. (Wolverhampton). — Why not spend your holiday this year under canvas? You will not be able to find a cheaper or more enjoyable means of doing so. Or if you don't want to stick in one place, try caravanning; it is a great deal cheaper than most people imagine, if you get others to join you.

A. L. L. (Sudbury).—Have a new barrel put in your rifle. It is well worth it, and can be done for two pounds or so. The action will outlast many barrels.

M. C. (Westerham).—If you want to get your stirrup-leather the right length before you mount, get it the length of your extended arm, measuring from the bottom of the stirrup to the saddle.

TWO S

HEALTH.

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THOMAS INCH

Do not ask for both Booklets.

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STRENGTH

TO THOSE READERS

Who are physically fit and enjoy good health, but to whom the word "strength" holds out charms, I would point out that practically all the world's records of weight-lifting are held, up to 11st. 7lb., by pupils of my ADVANCED SYSTEM.

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A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

STORING CLOTHES.

A man who has taken an interest in his clothes for a considerable time finds himself possessed of many garments that he wears only occasionally.

There is, for instance, the frock overcoat which he wears only on Sundays or on very special occasions. If he leaves it hanging in the hall, as he does his other overcoats, it will soon get dusty and shabby. It ought to be stored away in his wardrobe or in a long drawer.

It is wise to store away all your clothes that are not in active service, and to make a rule that no garments shall be on view in your bedroom during the day. It is advisable, I think, to hang the suit you have been wearing over the back of a chair during the night, for that gives it an opportunity to air, but if you are not putting it on next day you ought in the morning to hang it up in the wardrobe till it is again required.

The wardrobe should, I think, be regarded as a temporary place of storage. After all, it does not hold very much, and if you allow the hooks in it to be monopolised by old suits that you hardly ever wear, you have very little space left for those that are in present use. It is well to put the old suits into drawers and to reserve the wardrobe simply for those that you are wearing from day to day.

Of course you will remember that it is unwise to hang up a jacket, even for a day, by the tape sewn beneath the collar, for that pulls the collar up and destroys the shape of the garment.

You can get a proper coat-hanger for a few pence, and two or three of these come in very handy.

BEATING AND BRUSHING.

No matter whether you live in the town or in the country, your clothes are bound in the course of time to get dusty, even though this dust does not always show on the surface.

You know the difference between a new suit and a suit that has been worn for some time. The one looks fresh and clean, and the other has, though not exactly a dirty appearance, a sort of dullness about it that gives away its age.

This need not be so if you adopt the right methods in regard to removing the dust from your suits. Mud-stains and other marks of an obvious kind can be removed by a hard-bristled clothes brush, but the finer dust penetrates right into the body of the cloth, and the only way to remove it is to beat the suit.

Take it out into the garden and whack it with a thin cane, or a riding whip if you happen to possess such an article.

This will remove the dust, not only from the surface of the cloth as a brush does, but also from the innermost parts of the garment. If after treating a suit in this way you shake it well, you will find that it has a fresh appearance which it did not possess before, and apart from its freshness to the feeling of the wearer, it will also look much smarter.

A TROUSER-PRESSING HINT.

I suppose the ideal thing is for a man to press his trousers every night immediately he takes them off, but, as my old teacher used to say, "all men are fallible," and it often happens that you undress in a hurry, and in the morning rush off to business in an equal hurry, and so at the end of the week you find that you have several pairs of trousers that want pressing.

With most trouser-presses you are provided with several sheets of cardboard, which are intended to be placed between each pair of trousers, but the use of the cardboard is not quite sufficient to obtain the best results.

In these days, when most of us have our lounge suits made with permanent turn-up bottoms to our trousers, the end of the trousers is naturally much thicker than the rest of the leg, and if you put in a number of pairs one on top of the other, it stands to reason that the bulky trouser-ends will keep the press from doing its work with regard to the rest of the garment.

The great thing, therefore, in pressing several pairs of trousers at the same time, is to arrange them so that the bottom of one pair comes just a few inches beneath the bottom of the pair below it.

In this way you can secure much better results than if you simply placed the trousers in the press carelessly one on top of the other.

If you are in the habit of pressing your trousers under the mattress of your bed, you are likely to be made unpleasantly conscious of the fact if you get the "turn-up" of one pair of trousers on the top of that of another.

The result is a lump that will disturb your night's rest if it happens to come under some part of your body, and you may not at the time be aware of the cause.

DESTROYING WASTE.

A man is continually buying clothes, and therefore if he did not free himself of those things that have ceased to be useful to him, his wardrobe and his chest of drawers would, in the course of years, be filled to bursting point.

There is the old suit that never fitted you properly, the pair of breeches that you burst at the knee and that cannot possibly be sewn without looking unsightly. These things and many others provide you with a splendid opportunity of being kind to someone who is less well off than yourself. They are waste garments, and you are wise to get rid of them.

Double collars that have been cracked by the laundry people are also things that must be got rid of. They are not useful to anybody, and the best plan is to tear them in two pieces, for this effectually prevents them from being again dispatched to the laundry. It is not worth while having frayed collars dressed for you at a penny a time when you can get very good ones for sixpence or ninepence each.

Ties also need weeding out occasionally. A tie has only a certain length of life, and, once this is past, it ceases to be in any sense an ornament.

There are some things, of course, that a man may keep indefinitely. Boots, for instance, that, though perfectly sound, have lost their shape, come in very handy for country walking and so forth, and so do old flannel trousers, even though you might at times feel tempted to give them away.

HEEL-BALL.

Heel-ball is the name given to a substance which is used by cobblers for finishing the heels and welts of boots. It is nothing more than hard black wax; but it is by means of this, and this alone, that they are enabled to secure the wonderful shine that you notice on the edges of the soles of a pair of new boots.

The utility of heel-ball is great. The man who is keen on having every item of his dress just as it ought to be likes to have the sides of his boot-heels brightly polished, and for this purpose there is nothing to equal the substance I have mentioned.

This looks, by the way, like some sort of puff, but it is not, for heel-ball is not a proprietary article; it can be obtained at any leather shop and at most cobblers' for a halfpenny a cake, and you can get it in both black and brown.

In the case of boots that seem resolutely to refuse to take on a good polish—and Wellingtons are often like this at first—you can rapidly bring them to their senses by rubbing them well—after they have been properly cleaned, of course—with a cake of heel-ball, and the same applies to leggings.

Leggings made of smooth hide can be polished to almost mirror-like brilliancy by rubbing heel-ball all over the surface, and then applying a cloth briskly. The cloth, by the way, should be a cotton or a linen one, and not woollen, for a woollen rag leaves many litttle hairs behind it, and these stick on the wax and produce small lumps.

In the case of leather boot laces, an occasional dressing with heel-ball not only adds to their appearance but also to their life, for the wax brings together all the fibres that have become loosened and thereby strengthens the lace.

I believe that when cobblers use heel-ball, they rub the surface afterwards with a hot iron, but this is not really necessary for the average man. It will suffice if he rubs it well over the surface of the leather, provided he takes care not to rub unevenly, as that would produce small lumps of wax in places.

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In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Gent's knitted half hose for winter wear, 1s. 6d. per pair.—Wilkinson, Accrington Road, Burnley.

Dress suit, in perfect condition; chest 34½ins., waist 32½ins., inside leg 30ins.; cost £4 10s., accept 14s. 6d.; bargain.—Box 1871, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Manufacturers' stock of men's dark hard-wearing tweed suits, well made; sizes 3, 4, 5, 6; retailed at 25s. to 30s., while they last 15s. 9d.; money returned willingly.—Box 1872, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, a decent second-hand suit of clothes, chest 37ins., inside leg 32ins. (about), also a mackintosh or anything useful, in exchange for my cycle; well worth about 35s.; am willing to make up cash if exchange is worth more than cycle value.—Box 1874, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Slippers, Morocco leather, in maroon, black, and tan shades; leather sole, hand-made, very comfortable; our price, 3s. 6d. pair; retail price, 4s. 11d.—Harrold's, 104, Balsall Heath Road, Birmingham.

Wanted, frock coat, good condition, fit man 5ft. 8in., chest 40in.—Box 1884, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Wanted, 9ft. bagatelle table, with pockets, cups and accessories; state full particulars. — Box 1886, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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For Incubators, see "British Incubators" advertisement, page 19.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

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Irish snaffle riding bridle, strong, 10s.; approval.—Hewitt, Dales, Kettleshulme, Stockport.

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£5 immediately given to any person finding me good situation, anywhere, any capacity; athlete, strong, age 21, height 5ft. 9in., smart appearance, excellent refs., used to hard work.—Box 1878, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 16.

EDUCATIONAL.

For sale, the 10 vols. of Chambers' Illustrated Encyclopædia, bound with half red morocco leather, in perfect condition, quite new, latest edition; no reasonable offer refused—Box 1905, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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For Shorthand, see Sloan Duployan advt., page 19.

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